

K. 121

Mrs. ROWE's

DEVOUT EXERCISES

OF THE

H E A R T, ¹⁰¹⁸⁻²⁵ ₆

I N

MEDITATION AND SOLILOQUY,
PRAYER AND PRAISE;

Turned into Blank Verse,
By the Rev. EDWARD SMYTH.

*Mine eyes are unto thee, O God, the Lord : in thee is my
trust—leave not my soul destitute. Pf. cxli. 8.*

L O N D O N :

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A N D

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ERRATA.

Page 36, Line 11 *for flee read fly.*

— 41 — 12, *for vouchsaf read vouchsafe.*

— 64 — 26, *for uneadstily read unsteadily.*

— 93 — 24, *for wherefo'er read wheresoe'er.*

— 93 — 26, *for recal read recall.*

— 99 — 21, *for their read thine.*

— 106 — 14, *for produ'd read produc'd.*

— 130 — 2, *for spring read springs.*

TO THE
READER.

THE different editions through which Mrs. ROWE's Devout Exercises have passed, is an unquestionable proof that they have met with universal approbation, at least from the more serious and godly part of mankind. It is to be hoped, therefore, that an humble attempt to render them still more pleasing and useful will meet with encouragement. The edition now presented to the public is in blank verse, which, on account of its harmonic sound, charms almost every ear, and so impresses the sentiments it contains upon the heart, that they are much more easily remembered,

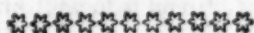
bered, than when delivered in prosaic diction.

May the God of all grace give his blessing to the work, that the ignorant may be enlightened—the careless grow concerned about their souls—the lukewarm in the church become zealously affected—and that the redeemed of the Lord may be comforted, and built up in their most holy faith! Let him that readeth say, Amen.

DEVOUT



DEVOUT EXERCISES
OF THE
H E A R T.



I. SUPREME LOVE TO GOD,

WHY, O my God, must this material frame
So separate between my soul and thee?
Tho' with thine essence always compass'd round,
I can't perceive the omnipresent God.
I follow thee, and all thy footsteps trace,
Thro' heav'n's expanse, and this terraqueous globe,
Yet still I cannot overtake thee, Lord:
Thou art before me, but I reach thee not—
Behind me, but I cannot find thee out.

B

My

My great Creator, whom, unseen, I love,
 By what magnetic influence didst thou
 Attract my ravish'd spirit to thyself?
 What thy perfections are, eye hath not seen,
 Ear hath not heard, nor heart of man conceiv'd;
 And yet I love thee, O my gracious God,
 Far beyond all my eye hath ever seen,
 My ear hath heard, my heart can comprehend.
 In heights of glory, inaccessible,
 To which no human thought can soar, thou dwell'st;
 Yet to my soul more near and intimate,
 Than any of the objects I behold.
 Thy voice hath never sounded in mine ears,
 And yet no earthly friend is so well known;
 Nay, with more confidence I can rely
 On thee, than on the dearest friend I have.

My heart, to thee, as its sole refuge, cleaves,
 And finds in thee a constant spring of peace:
 With child-like freedom I can speak to thee,
 And think thy Being my supreme delight.
 Reflection on the greatness of thy name
 Exhilarates my spirits, fills my heart
 With joy which carnal minds are strangers to.
 I triumph in thy sov'reign, kingly sway—
 Reign, O my God, unrivall'd, uncontroul'd.

Tho' a poor reptile of the earth, I join,

With

With all the flaming ministers above,
 Who round thy dazzling throne exulting stand,
 To pay the homage which thy grandeur claims.
 Tho' not with them, thy happier race, allow'd
 To view the bright unveil'd Divinity,
 (By no audacious glance from mortal eyes
 Those mystic glories are to be profan'd)
 Yet do I feel the same immortal flame,
 And love thee, tho' unseen, with all my heart.

Yes, I do love thee—Thus far I can speak—
 But all the rest unutterable is,
 And I must leave the pleasing tale untold,
 Till in immortal language I can talk:
 Then the transporting story I'll begin,
 Which ne'er shall end, but be beginning still.
 For, O thou fairest of ten thousand fair,
 Thy radiant beauties shall be ever new,
 And in my soul, to all eternity,
 Blow up the flame of still-increasing love:
 Higher and higher shall it rise, nor find
 The least decay, till thy perfections end.

Again I say, I love thee, O my God;
 And as thou triest all the reins of men,
 Read thou the characters which love has drawn
 On my enamour'd, soften'd, melting heart.
 What excellence but thine, in heav'n and earth,

Could raise such aspirations in my soul,
 And such sublime affections as I feel?
 What could my spirit fix, but God himself?
 What is there else, for which I could despise
 All those enticing sublunary joys?
 Why like I not these sensible delights?
 Whence spring these earnest, infinite desires?
 Why does not the creation satisfy,
 Or, with a happy dream, at least, delude?
 Objects of sense, why do they not awake
 More ardent feelings, more intense pursuit,
 Than things remote, and quite invisible?
 Oh, why should I, who to corruption say,
 "Thou art my Father," daringly aspire
 After an union with th' eternal God?

Ministring angels, that behold his face,
 Explain to me the sacred mystery—
 Acquaint me how this heav'nly flame began—
 Unfold the riddle of its wond'rous birth.
 Who animated with celestial fire
 This mortal frame, and gave a clod of earth
 Such high ambition as to aim at heav'n?
 What, but the breath of God, could kindle it,
 Which kindled up my soul? Therefore, to thee,
 Its lovely origin, it now ascends—
 Breaks thro' created beauties, and pursues
 Its restless course to thee, who art the first,
 The brightest pattern of all excellence.

Ye

Ye flowery varieties of earth,
 And all ye sparkling glories of the skies,
 Your blandishments are vain, while I aspire
 To uncreated good, that casts reproach
 On all the pomp and splendour ye can boast.
 Fain would I close my eyes on all I see,
 On all the lovely prospects ye present,
 And open them upon a brighter scene.
 I have such boundless and enlarg'd desires,
 As nothing visible can gratify,
 To which no earthly things are adequate.
 When shall my intellectual faculties
 Find objects more adapted to their views?
 My longing soul springs forward, in pursuit
 Of a far distant good, which I have seen
 Only by some faint glimm'ring rays of light.
 Oh when will it disperse the misty clouds,
 And break out in full lustre on my soul?

If now I feel such fervent love to thee,
 While only dimly to my sight reveal'd,
 How will the open vision of my God,
 In all his brightness, ravish and transport!
 To what exalted heights shall wonder rise,
 When in perfection I behold thy face!
 When I shall see thee, glorious as thou art,
 Complete in beauty, great in majesty!
 How shall I triumph, when before thy throne!

Oh, how rejoice that ever I was born!
 What thoughts, ineffable, will rise, to find
 Myself united to the Deity—
 The all-sufficient Deity, by ties
 For which the sons of men have not found names—
 By an engagement that shall ne'er dissolve,
 Thro' revolutions of eternal years!
 The league of nature shall be disannull'd—
 The laws of mingled elements made void,
 But my relation to my God shall stand,
 Fix'd and unchangeable as he himself.
 Nor life, nor death, nor principalities,
 Nor angels, nor things present, nor to come,
 Shall ever separate me from his love.

Rejoice, my soul—look forward with delight,
 Beyond the period of terrestrial things!
 With faith's strong eagle-eyes, look thou beyond
 Ten thousand ages of celestial bliss—
 Look forward still, and ages leave behind,
 Unnumber'd ages of felicity—
 At once into the peaceful ocean plunge,
 And call eternity itself thine own.

The joy I have in view is without bounds;
 For, its duration is commensurate
 With him who is eternal, infinite.
 Oh, when shall I the full possession have?

II. THE TRUTH AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

ENGRAV'D as in eternal plates of brass,
 The precious promises of God shine forth,
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze the lines,
 The sacred, saving word of grace is strong,
 As that which form'd the canopy of heav'n:
 The mighty voice which moves the stars on high,
 Speaks all the promises to men below.
 They all are built on truth immutable—
 On the benignity of God himself.
 Thou dost not speak at random, like vain man,
 But all which thou hast promis'd to perform
 Is the result of everlasting love.
 Thou, Lord, hast utter'd nothing that requires
 The least amendment on a fresh review.
 Thou can't engage for nothing, to thy hurt,
 Nor be a loser by beneficence.
 Thou, by the fulness of thy boundless pow'r,
 Canst still accomplish what thy love intends.
 Nor need'st thou say, to those whom thou hast made,
 Things kinder than thou meanest to fulfil.
 To thee no glory wretched man can bring,
 Nor has he any thing to claim from thee.
 By what good deeds, or by what right, can he

Demand the smallest favour at thy hands ?
 Thy promises are free, and unconstrain'd,
 Founded on thine own liberality,
 And not on meritoriousness in man.

Confid'ring this, my expectations rise—
 I set no limits to my springing hopes ;
 With joyful confidence I look to heav'n,
 And seeing thee upon a throne of grace,
 Call thee, " My Father"—and, with humble faith
 Claim ev'ry blessing that dear name imports.
 My heart confides in thee with steadfastness—
 Fear and distrust are incompatible
 With the kind thoughts I entertain of thee.
 Ev'ry endearing name and attribute,
 By which thou hast reveal'd thyself to man,
 Confirms my faith in thee, thou God of love.
 Thy life, thy very being is engag'd—
 As well may I of thy existence doubt,
 As call in question thy veracity :
 Sure as thou art, faithful thou art and just.
 The protestations of my warmest friend
 Cannot give half the comfort that thy word
 Affords my drooping soul, in trying times.
 I hear deceitful man with diffidence—
 On false mortality I can't rely ;
 But I can listen to thy voice with joy,
 And fully rest on thy fidelity.

Thy

Thy words, O Lord, are not enroll'd in sand,
 Nor are they scatter'd by the fleeting winds ;
 But they shall stand in force, when heav'n and earth
 Shall be dissolv'd, and time shall be no more.
 Eternal ages shall not make them void,
 Nor alter what the mouth of God has said.
 With the most perfect and unfeign'd assent
 I do believe, and know thou dost reward
 All them that diligently seek thy face ;
 I feel the comfortable evidence,
 For thou hast giv'n the witness in my heart,



III. LONGING AFTER THE ENJOYMENT OF GOD.

MY God, to thee my heart-felt sighs ascend—
 Ev'ry complaint I make ends with thy name,
 I pause awhile—I dwell upon the sound—
 I speak it o'er and o'er again, and find
 That all my cares begin and end in thee.
 I long to see the beauty of the Lord—
 For the original of all that's great,
 Of all that's amiable and fair, I pant—
 For excellence that yet remains unknown—
 For intellectual joys untasted yet.

My heart aspires—my wishes fly beyond
 The narrow limits of created things,
 And, as unworthy my pursuit, despise
 All that mortality presents me with.
 I was created for celestial bliss,
 And find I'm capable of angels' joys.
 Why may I not begin, then, heav'n below,
 And taste, at least, the springs of happiness,
 Which flow from thy right-hand for evermore?

Should I drink on, and satiate my desires,
 Those living fountains are exhaustless still:
 Millions of spirits there allay their thirst—
 Ten thousand times ten thousand orders there
 Gaze on thy matchless beauty, and are made
 Happy partakers of thy blessedness,
 But thou remainest undiminish'd still.
 No liberality can waste the store
 Of thy perfection—it has ever flow'd,
 And still runs fresh, and will for ever run:
 Why should I perish, then, my God, for want?

Oh let the waters of eternal life
 Quench all the longings of my thirsty soul!
 Who will refresh me with the healing draught?
 How long, like a poor exile, shall I roam,
 Thro' all the lab'rins of this desert land,
 Where ev'ry prospect waste and barren is?

In vain I look around, and sigh for heav'n—
 My panting heart is still unsatisfy'd.
 Who to the rivers of perennial joy
 Will lead me from my pilgrimage below?
 When in those pastures shall I take repose,
 Where weary souls for ever are at rest?
 How very tedious are the hours of hope!
 Come, Lord—my heart is burning with desire—
 I'm sick, quite sick of dull mortality:
 Come quickly, Lord—for thee my spirit gasps—
 Let not thy chariot-wheels so long delay—
 In all thy beauty shew thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thy belov'd embrace.

Teach me thy will—send thy commissions down—
 Appoint my business—to perform give strength,
 And let me, as an hireling, work my day.
 It is enough, O Lord—wherein am I
 More excellent than my forefathers were?
 They all are dead, and I am mortal too.
 I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here,
 In these wild regions; wand'ring and forlorn,
 Restless, and sighing for my native home,
 Longing to reach my weary space of life,
 And to fulfil my task—Oh, haste the hour
 Of joy and sweet repose! Transporting hope!
 Lord, here I am, attending thy commands,
 And waiting the good pleasure of thy will:

Oh speak, and then incline mine ear to hear!
 Give me my work, and let me finish it:
 Then, from this body of vile sin and death,
 This hated clog of guilt and vanity,
 Seal my dismissal in the courts above,
 Oh let me drop this cumbrous load of flesh,
 In peace depart, and say to earth, "Farewell!"

For thy salvation I have waited, Lord—
 When wilt thou bring me to thy holy hill?
 How long at such a distance shall I pine?
 What can I say, to shew thee all my pain—
 To utter all my anguish, when I fear
 A separation from the God I love?
 Speak some assuring word, to comfort me.
 Transporting moment! when wilt thou appear,
 To crown my hopes, and banish all my doubts?

Again, my Father, my eternal friend,
 With all my soul, I breathe out my requests,
 What is this life, but a dull, tiresome round,
 A circle of repeated vanities?
 Since sin and folly enter'd in the world,
 In vain we go in quest of happiness:
 All is vexation, pain, or empty show.
 Suffic'd with life, my languid spirits faint,
 And fain would be at rest: Oh let me reach
 Those sacred seats; and after all my toil,
 Begin a Sabbath that shall never end!

Yet

Yet once again, O Lord, I ask thy leave
 To tell thee I have waited for thee long,
 And hourly languish'd for my house above.
 I faint, I almost die thro' these delays :
 What have I here to keep me from my God ?
 Absent from thee, what pleasure can I have ?
 I have declar'd that all below the sun
 Is burdensome, vexatious, tasteless, vain.
 Midst health and plenty, honour, and dear friends,
 Thou art my only joy, my highest wish.
 All, all my hopes are fix'd on thee alone,
 And there I rest in a celestial calm.
 Oh let no earthly objects break my peace !
 Let me live unmolested with the cares
 Or the delights of sense ! oh let me flee
 From all the world, and live alone to thee !



IV. GOD MY SUPREME, MY ONLY HOPE.

WHY do I not address thee, O my God,
 With more fiducial, child-like confidence ?
 Oh why do I indulge this unbelief,
 And harbour these returns of base distrust ?
 Can I survey the wond'rous frame of earth,
 Gaze on the structure of the heav'ns, and ask
 If thou art able sinners to redeem ?

Can I e'er doubt of thy sufficiency,
 To save and succour thy dependent child,
 When I consider all that love and pow'r
 Which thou so oft' hast signally display'd ?
 In long succession, age to age has brought
 The records of thy grace, and quick'ning strength :
 In ev'ry generation, thou hast been
 Our shield, our fortress, and our dwelling-place.
 Our fathers trusted in thee, and were sav'd—
 With theirs my own experience coincides,
 And I'm encourag'd to confide in thee.

The sun may fail to rise, and men in vain
 Expect its light ; but, O my God, thy truth,
 Thy faithfulness can never, never fail.
 The course of nature may be quite revers'd,
 And all be one chaotic scene again,
 But thou art still the same, unchangeable,
 And never canst, by mutability,
 Deceive the hopes of them that trust thy grace.

Lord over all, I reverence thy pow'r,
 And to thy goodness and fidelity
 My heart subscribes—What further scruples, then,
 Would my desponding unbelief suggest ?
 Is any thing too hard for God to do ?
 Can the united force of earth and hell
 Resist thy kingly, all-commanding will ?

Great God, how wide thy glories are diffus'd !
 How broad thy kingdom is ! All things are thine,
 Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance ;
 Therefore to thee will I apply myself,
 Renouncing all the fear and confidence
 That may arise from heav'n or earth besides.
 Not from the dust my joys or sorrows spring :
 Let all the baleful planets in the skies
 Shed forth their mingled curses round my head,
 Calmly their mingled curses I defy,
 If the omnipotent, eternal King
 Looks thro' the clouds, and shews his smiling face.

Let him but blefs me, and I'm blest indeed—
 Blest, without limitation, or reserve—
 Blest in my going out, and coming in—
 Blest in my sitting down, and rising up—
 Blest now in time, blest thro' eternity.
 That blessing from thy lips shall influence
 The whole creation, and attend my steps :
 Before me, as a leading light 'twill go,
 And as my guardian angel, follow me.
 'Twill cover me whenever I lie down—
 Beneath its shadow with delight I'll rest,
 And in the Lord's pavilion safely dwell.

Thy kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord—
 Thou dost according to thy sov'reign will,

Amongst the hosts of heav'n, and sons of earth.
 Thy Providence in all things I confess.
 The ways of man are not at his own choice,
 But all his goings are ordain'd by thee.
 All the events of life are in thy hands,
 And thou alone canst bless, or cross his hopes.
 If on his best-concerted schemes thou blow,
 They are for ever blasted ; but if thou
 Desigu'st to prosper them, nor earth, nor hell,
 With all their pow'r, can hinder their success :
 Therefore, to thee for succour I apply,
 As, without thee, the creature's help is vain.

Ye useless idols, from my heart be gone—
 Ye are but sounding names of vanity :
 No more my lying tongue shall sacrifice
 To Chance and Nature ; for, without a God,
 Created beings no supplies can yield.
 Not all the pow'r of earthly potentates,
 Nor saints, nor angels in the highest heav'ns,
 In the least exigence can give me aid,
 If God but hide himself, and stand far off.
 At thy direction second causes are,
 And, till by thee commission'd, cannot help.
 Whene'er my soul in contemplation views
 The planets, water, earth, and air, and fire,
 I look upon them as thy duteous slaves,
 Fulfilling what thy Sov'reignty decrees.

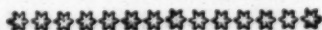
Cordials

Cordials shall kill, and deadly poisons cure—
 The vernal suns, or the mild zephyr's breath
 May burn, or blast the plants that winter left.
 The winds and stars have but precarious pow'r—
 The sun to darkness turns—frost shall be fire,
 And fire be frost, when thou proclaim'st thy will,
 Necessity and Nature are no more,
 At thy command—All things are to a God
 Equally easy: Speak but thou the word,
 And all my wishes shall be satisfy'd:
 "Let there be light," say thou, and light shall shine—
 When thoughts tumultuous raise a storm within,
 Say, "Peace, be still"—and tempests shall obey.

Only on thee, my Father, I depend—
 If thou but smile, then all the world may frown.
 Do thou direct, and prosper my concerns,
 No obstacles shall then dismay my soul,
 That men or devils can put in my way.
 Thou only art the object of my fear,
 And my desires to thee will I make known.

Things human lose their being, and their names,
 And vanish into nothing before thee:
 They are but shades, and dusky clouds, to veil
 The active God, who worketh all in all.
 Oh! let me through all separations break,
 See, and confess the over-ruling Cause!

Let no appearance of created things,
 However specious, hide thee from my view:
 Let me thro' all look up to thee, nor cast,
 Below thee, Lord, a glance of love, or hope.
 Let me survey Creation's ample round
 As lying in the hollow of thine hand,
 And ev'ry Being, both in heav'n and earth,
 As under thee, and quite immovable
 By the most potent cause in nature, till
 Order'd by thee to do me good, or hurt.
 Oh let thy hand be with me, to preserve
 My soul from evil! Let me still abide
 Beneath the shadow of thine out-stretch'd wings!
 In thy pavilion I shall be secure—
 To thee I fly for shelter, O my God,
 From all the evils or mortality.



V. GOD A PRESENT HELP, AND EVER NEAR.

THOU, O my God, wast found of me, when I
 Was in my blood and sins, and fought thee not;
 And now I seek thee, wilt thou fly from me?
 Am I my breath consuming on the winds,
 And scatt'ring my petitions in the air?
 Is it a vain thing to implore thy grace?
 Is there no profit in addressing thee?

Art thou a God far off, and not at hand ?
 Is from thy presence any place exempt ?
 Or is there distance whence my cries can't reach ?
 Can any darkness hide me from thine eyes ?
 Or is there, in this wide-extended globe,
 A corner that's unvisited by thee ?
 Dost thou not fill all space in heav'n and earth ?
 And am I not, by thine immensity,
 Encompass'd round, O Lord, on ev'ry side ?

Are my desires or thoughts to thee unknown ?
 Thou that hast form'd the ear, dost thou not hear ?
 Canst thou forget the work of thine own hands ?
 Or, far in the empyreal heav'ns retir'd,
 Full of thine own felicity, canst thou
 Helpless, and hopeless, thy creation leave
 To wild disorder, misery, and pain ?
 Are mankind to their own disposal left,
 And undirected all their paths by thee ?
 Is calling on the living God no more
 Than worshipping an Idol, deaf, and dumb ?
 Canst thou, like them, thy vot'ries disappoint ?

Art thou, with the extent of thine own pow'r,
 So unacquainted, as to promise aught
 That thy ability can ne'er perform ?
 Or art thou as a man, that thou shouldst lie ?
 Or, as the son of man, canst thou repent ?

Say,

Say, are thy pow'r and truth precarious?
 And are those high perfections, which induce
 Thy creatures to adore and worship thee,
 Imaginary? Are thy gracious names
 Mere sounding titles, insignificant?
 Do Adam's sons confide in thee in vain?
 In time of trouble art not thou their help?
 Can no security in thee be plac'd?
 Then, whither shall I look in my distress?
 To whom shall I direct my pray'r? From whom
 Shall I expect relief, if there's no help
 In the Most High for a dependant worm?

But, oh! why speak I thus? Unrighteousness
 Past generations never found in thee.
 With what injustice can I charge the Lord?
 What breach of word, or want of rectitude?
 Have ancient records ever stain'd thy truth?
 Art thou not, gracious God, my only hope—
 My long-experienc'd friend, in time of need?
 Help from the creatures have I ever found,
 When thou hast fail'd me? Have I, can I have
 Aught to depend on surer than thy word?
 Can any pow'r defend, or save, like thee?
 Thou art a Rock, and perfect is thy work;
 For, all thy ways are equity and truth:
 Righteous art thou, without iniquity.
 To all mankind thy goodness will I tell;

And

And to thy justice and thy faithfulness
Will I bear witness with my latest breath.



VI. GOD AN ALL-SUFFICIENT GOOD, AND MY
ONLY HAPPINESS.

WHY is my heart so far from thee, my God?
Oh! why dost thou not occupy my thoughts,
And claim more frequently my ardent love?
Why should my foolish, wanton passions rove?
For, where such pleasing sweetness can I taste,
As I have found in fellowship with thee?
Where can I hope to meet such perfect bliss
As thy alluring smiles have given me?
Where can I look for joys so unallay'd?
When I have felt the sense of pard'ning love,
Has not my soul been fully satisfy'd?
Have I found any want, or emptiness?
Has there been any room left for desire,
But that which joins me closer to my God?
Have not the tempting glories of the world
Been turn'd to blackness and deformity?
Oh! how contemptible have they appear'd!
Or rather, have they not all disappear'd,
As dreams, and shadows in the noon of day?

True

True satisfaction I have ne'er enjoy'd
 In any thing but in the God of grace.
 Why, then, do I e'er run astray from thee?
 Oh! why, for broken cisterns, do I leave
 The fountain which with living water flows?
 Why do I quit, in search of shallow streams,
 The ocean that's so wide, and deep, and full?
 Folly like this is wonderful indeed!
 What solid comfort can the creatures give?
 They shall deceive me with false hopes no more.
 Thou, O my God, art all that I desire,
 For, only thou canst give me happiness.

If thou but frown, my being is a curse—
 Thy wrath, thy angry look is hell itself.
 Oh! let me ne'er feel that, and I defy
 All other things to rob me of content.
 On thee alone dependent, O my God,
 To thee alone will I apply myself:
 Hear me, thou bounteous Author of my life;
 Those wishes I direct to thee, which thou
 Wilt graciously approve, while I implore
 Only the joys I was created for.
 Fix all my expectations on thy pow'r—
 Free me from lightness and inconstancy.
 Look gently down, Almighty God of love—
 Imprison me in thy endear'd embrace—
 Pity the heart that would be wholly thine—

Confine

Confine all its affections to thyself.
 Oh! never suffer me from thee to start!
 Thy service sweeter is than liberty—
 Thy yoke is easy, and thy burden light:
 I bless the chain that binds me unto thee.
 Oh! give me of thy beauty such a view
 As shall for ever fix my wand'ring heart—
 As shall determine all its motions still,
 And constantly convict me, when I turn
 From thee to any sublunary thing!

Surely, I relish nothing like thy love.
 To thee, O Lord, who canst not be deceiv'd,
 Who know'st the inmost secrets of my soul,
 I can with humble confidence appeal,
 That I prefer thee to all earthly good.
 Which way the balance of affection turns
 Thou seest, and that my deviations are
 Against my will—I leave thee not by choice,
 But for my folly deeply sigh and grieve.
 Shouldst thou forgive, I can't forgive myself,
 For, well I know 'tis inexcusable.

I nothing want, when I'm possess'd of thee,
 But when without thee, ev'ry thing I want.
 In thee concentr'd all my passions are:
 I have no hope but what is thine—no joy
 But what flows from thee—and no greater fears
 Than

Than those of losing thee—My inmost care
 Is to secure thy kind, propitious look.
 This is the subject of my deepest thought,
 For, ev'ry sigh I breathe ends in thy name ;
 And that lov'd name alone has pow'r to calm
 The wildest tempest of my troubled soul.

My joys, or sorrows, from thy smiles, or frowns,
 Arise—thy frowns can fill me with distress—
 Thy smiles can comfort and exhilarate.
 Hell, and the King of terrors I defy,
 While I can call the God of heav'n *my* God.
 Still let me bless the sound of thy dear name,
 And part with all things, rather than renounce
 My property in thee, my all in all :
 Oh ! let me hold it, while I draw my breath,
 And claim it with my last expiring sighs !

Secure of thee, nothing can terrify,
 For, all is peaceful, and serene within,
 Love never-failing, and immortal joy.
 I ask no more—Imagination here
 Must stop ; and all my wishes now are lost
 In everlasting plenty. O my God,
 More cannot be desir'd ; and I with less
 Should infinitely miserable be.
 The kingdoms of the skies should never buy
 My title to thy love ; the blessedness

Of

Of ev'ry creature is complete in thee,
 For, thou art always blessed in thyself.
 What can I add ? for, all my words are faint—
 Celestial love no eloquence can draw :
 No more can be in mortal sounds express'd,
 But vast eternity shall tell the rest.



VII. A COVENANT WITH GOD,

BEING incomprehensible, who triest
 The reins of men, and searchest ev'ry heart,
 To thee is my sincerity well known—
 To thee are all my secret thoughts unveil'd.
 I'm compass'd round with thine immensity—
 Thou art a present witness, tho' unseen,
 Of the solemnity in which I'm now,
 With all my pow'rs, engag'd ; now, of thy strength
 I'm taking hold, to make my peace with thee—
 I'm ent'ring into articles with God.
 These are the happy days, long since foretold,
 When one shall gladly say, " I am the Lord's,
 And others call themselves by Israel's name,
 And others shall subscribe unto the Lord—
 And I will be their God, and they shall be
 My sons and daughters, saith the Lord of hosts."

With

Of

With the most feeling, unfeign'd gratitude,
 I of this gracious covenant take hold,
 As 'tis more fully open'd, and explain'd
 In the recorded gospel of thy Son.
 Humbly accepting thy kind overtures,
 I to thy blessed service, bind myself,
 By indissoluble and sacred ties.
 Deliberately, freely, I hereby
 Confirm the promises, which, when baptiz'd,
 Were made for me, in thy most holy name.
 To thee I piously devote my all,
 And to thy conduct totally submit.
 The vanities, and glories of the world,
 I now renounce; and, as my happiness,
 And everlasting portion, thee I choose.
 Nothing besides do I require of thee:
 Deny, or give me what thou wilt, O Lord,
 I never shall ungratefully repine,
 While my chief treasure is secur'd to me.
 This is my steadfast resolution, which,
 By grace divine, I never will retract.

O thou, by whose almighty pow'r alone,
 I can be able to perform my vows,
 Put thou thy fear within me, that I may
 From thy commandments never more depart!
 Let not the world, with all its flatteries,
 Nor death, nor hell, with all their terrors join'd,

Force

Force me to violate this sacred vow.
 Oh, let me never separate from thee,
 Nor draw the irreligious, curfed breath,
 That would deny my kind, redeeming Lord!

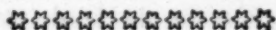
And now, let list'ning angels testify
 That unto thee I solemnly devote
 The faculties and powers of my soul:
 And when presumptuously I employ,
 To thy dishonour, O my sov'reign King,
 Any of the endowments I possess,
 Swift witnesses against me let them be,
 And let me be condemn'd by mine own words.

Thus to thy gracious terms have I subscrib'd,
 And have engag'd to be the Lord's alone.
 Therefore, against me, let the rage of fiends,
 And the malevolence of men, combine,
 Boldly I can their stratagems defy,
 For, God himself is now become my friend—
 Jesus my all-sufficient Saviour is,
 And he will fend the Holy Ghost to be
 My Sanctifier, and my Comforter.

O happy, happy day! transporting hour!
 The most illustrious period of my life!
 With all its dazzling lights heav'n smiles on thee.
 What glorious mortal can I envy now?

What

What scene could the whole universe display,
 To raise ambition in my hallow'd breast?
 Let glory call me, with her trumpet voice—
 Let pleasure, with a softer eloquence,
 Strive to allure me—the enticing world,
 In all its splendour, but a trifle seems,
 While the eternal God my portion is,
 He's mine, by as infallible a claim
 As the divine veracity can give.
 The title is unquestionably sure—
 Unalterable the conveyance is,
 The mountains from their basis shall remove,
 The everlasting hills shall be dissolv'd,
 Before this contract shall be disannull'd.



VIII. A THANK-OFFERING FOR SAVING GRACE,

BLESS thou the Lord, O my enraptur'd soul,
 And all within me bless his holy name!
 Bless thou the Lord, and in remembrance keep
 His benefits, who hath redeem'd thy life—
 Crown'd thee with loving-kindness, peace, and joy,
 And brought thee out of the deep mire and clay,
 Setting thy steadfast feet upon a rock,
 Breaking thy fetters off, and freeing thee

From

From the oppressive tyranny of sin.
 A wretched slave I lay, pleas'd with my chains;
 Foolishly fond of my captivity,
 Most fatally deluded, and undone,
 Till love, almighty love, deliver'd me,
 O blest effect of mercy undeserv'd!
 I shall for ever stand a monument,
 A striking monument of Jesu's grace.
 To that alone entirely I ascribe
 My soul's salvation, and I will rehearse,
 Thro' all the ages of eternity,
 The mighty wonders of redeeming love,
 And tell to list'ning Cherubims around
 What grace, gratuitous, has done for me.
 I'll sing the endless miracles of love—
 That shall for ever be my lofty theme.

My glorious Maker, worthy thou of praise,
 Who didst employ thy thoughts on such a wretch,
 Creating me for immortality.
 My birth has been allotted in a land
 Enlighten'd with the rays of sacred truth.
 I might have been, with horrid, impious rites
 Invoking the accursed pow'rs of hell,
 Instead of worshipping the God of heav'n:
 While thousands are in these delusions lost,
 I have the gospel of salvation heard.
 I might have been of wicked parents born,

And

And to their curses an unhappy heir ;
 But from religious ancestors I came,
 Unto whose seed thy blessings promis'd are,
 Thou didst sustain me, when I knew thee not—
 And since I knew thee, oh, how oft have I
 Rebell'd against thy gentle government !
 Yet hast thou borne with my ingratitude.
 Thy watchful providence surrounded me,
 Crossing the means I took to damn myself.
 With mine own wishes I have not been curs'd,
 Nor left in the possession of those toys
 And vanities, which, foolishly, I once
 Preferr'd to all the treasures of thy love.
 Thou didst pursue me with thy proffer'd grace,
 When I was running from thee, with dislike :
 And I had fled for ever from my God,
 If patient goodness had not fled as fast,
 Laid hold on me, and brought the wand'rer home,

Oft have I griev'd thy Spirit—yet he strove
 With my obdurate, and rebellious heart.
 Oh, 'tis a miracle I'm not undone !
 How many wretches have I seen destroy'd
 In those enticing snares which I've escap'd !
 I once despis'd the riches of thy grace,
 Like them, and I, with them, had been content
 To share the sorry portion of this world,
 If thou hadst not, by thy repeated calls,

Drawn

Drawn me to look for happiness in thee.
 Why wast thou found of one who sought thee not?
 Surely, to mercy I'm indebted much.

With wonder, and delight, I now look back
 On all the various methods of thy grace,
 In gulph'd in an abyss of misery,
 And sinking in the ocean of my sins,
 When no kind hand was near to pluck me out,
 Then thou didst manifest thy pow'r and love.
 Never was grace more wonderful and free!
 Never was heart so obstinate as mine,
 Except thy heart, more obstinate to save!
 How has it triumph'd o'er my stubborn will!
 How freely has it cancell'd all my guilt!
 Had I the least pretensions to desert,
 Could I have challeng'd any thing from thee,
 The benefit had less exalted been,
 Had human pride foundation for the claim,
 My evil heart, of this advantage, soon
 Would have avail'd itself, and robb'd thee, Lord,
 Of all the honour due unto thy name;
 Vainly attributing the glorious work
 To nature's efforts, and to reason's pow'rs.
 But here the mouth of vanity is stopp'd—
 In the unfathomable vast abyss
 I'm lost—O height, O depth, O length and breadth,
 Immeasurable! how unsearchable

Are

Are all thy ways, thou boundless source of love,
And thy mysterious paths past finding out!

Here let me my eternal song begin,
And honour, blessing, majesty ascribe
To God, and to the Lamb upon the throne,
Who wash'd me from my sins in his own blood—
From voluntary bondage ransom'd me,
Paying the price of his own life for mine.
Infinite love! stupendous act of grace!
Stand in astonishment, ye rolling skies!

Bring hither your celestial tuneful harps,
Ye beings, who, midst heights of happiness,
Express a kind regard for sinful man—
Teach me the strains of immortality,
The language that ye use in paradise.
But oh! the tongues of Seraphims can ne'er
Make known the debt which I my Saviour owe.
From what a hopeless state of misery
Hast thou redeem'd me, O my bleeding God!
From ignorance, from sin, from death, and hell!
Nor here my glorious benefactor staid,
But still went on to magnify his grace,
Entitling me to an inheritance
With saints in light, and an immortal crown—
To rapturous fruition of himself,
And all those joys which from his presence flow.

Such

Such depths of boundless, unexhausted love
 Raise my amazement to its utmost height,
 O God, thy gracious name exalted stands
 Above the highest praise that I can give.



IX. EVIDENCE OF SINCERE LOVE TO GOD.

IF, O my blessed God, I love thee not,
 I know not what I love—If I of this
 Uncertain am, of my existence, too,
 I am uncertain. If I love thee not,
 What can all these pathetic breathings mean?
 “My God! my all! thou fountain of my life!
 “Spring of my happiness! my great reward!
 “Object of my pursuit! my joy supreme!”
 Does not my melting heart attend my lips
 In all this language? But, how can it be,
 If I don't love thee from my inmost soul?

If, O my blessed God, I love thee not,
 Why at thine absence should I always grieve?
 Whence springs this great anxiety of mind,
 And all these restless and intense desires
 To feel the quick'ning powers of thy love?
 Why are all earth's enjoyments, without thee,

Flat

Flat and insipid? What, without my God,
 Are riches, pleasures, honours unto me?
 A trifle the whole world I should esteem,
 Or, rather, my eternal detriment,
 If with the loss of thee it must be bought.
 Better is thy benignity than life—
 And all the happy moments I enjoy
 Are those wherein I taste thy pard'ning love.
 'Tis then I live—'tis then I'm truly blest—
 'Tis then I, with contemptuous smiles, look down
 On the poor entertainments of the world,
 And, with commiserating sighs, deplore
 Their dreadful want, who want *the peace of God.*

In those delightful seasons, how serene
 Are all the regions of my loving soul!
 I have enough—I cannot ask for more.
 Can they e'er thirst or languish for the stream,
 Who at the overflowing fountain drink?
 I've all the world, and more—I've heav'n itself
 In thee—In thee I am completely blest,
 And can defy all the malignant pow'rs
 Of earth and hell to shake my happiness,
 While thou dost whisper to my soul thy love,
 O blest'd stability of heart! O joy sublime!
 Hast thou not often told me, thou art mine,
 By an inviolable bond, whene'er
 My soul sincerely gave itself to thee!

Does

Does not thy word assure me, that the hills
 And mountains shall remove, but that thy love
 Shall ne'er depart from them that trust in thee ;
 Nor wilt thou break the cov'nant of thy peace ?

Hast thou not terminated my desires,
 And fix'd my wand'ring wishes in thyself ?
 Is it for riches, honours, length of days,
 Or pleasure, that I daily follow thee
 With importunities ? Thou know'st that these
 Are not the subject of my ardent pray'rs.
 Do I these toys e'er balance with thy love ?
 Oh, no ! One cheering smile of thine obscures
 The most resplendent glories they can shew.
 When my retir'd devotions thou dost bless
 With thine enliv'ning presence, I can wink
 All nature's beauties to deformity.
 When, in my contemplations, thee I meet,
 With scorn I on the less'ning world look back.
 How dazzling is thy beauty in mine eyes !
 How dim the lustre of the world to thine !
 How dull are its amusements, when compar'd
 With the delight of intercourse with thee !
 " Stay"—in those happy moments, cries my soul,
 " Stay, my Beloved—stay, bright Morning-Star,
 " Till all the dusky shadows disappear,
 " And the full blaze of day shines round my path.
 " Stay, till the gloomy night of life be past,

" And

" And clear eternity dawn on my soul."
 There's nothing, in this barren wilderness,
 To entertain my thoughts, when thou art gone,
 After these heav'nly feasts, my appetite
 Can relish nothing which the earth affords.

If, O my God, I love thee not, what means
 This strong impatient wish to be with thee?
 How my soul fainteth for thy courts, O Lord!
 Before thee, when, oh when shall I appear!
 Oh that I had the swift wings of a dove,
 Then would I flee away, and be at rest!



X. ASSURANCE OF SALVATION IN CHRIST JESUS.

INTO thy hands, my dear Redeemer, I
 Have put my treasure, my immortal part—
 And, shall the prey be taken from the strong?
 Or, shall a soul devoted unto thee,
 Become, at last, a sacrifice to hell?

O blessed God, am I not thine? and shall
 The temple of thy Spirit be profan'd?
 Say, shall the lips that have so oft ascrib'd
 Dominion, glory, majesty to thee,

Be with infernal blasphemies defil'd,
 And the dire execrations of the damn'd ?
 Shall all the sparks of love divine be quench'd,
 And everlasting enmity succeed ?
 Shall I, who with thy favour once was blest'd,
 Be made the wretched object of thy wrath ?
 Shall all the mighty things which thou hast done
 For my now happy soul forgotten be ?
 Shall all my vows, and all thy promises
 Be blotted out, as if they ne'er were made ?
 'Tis all impossible—Thou art not man
 That thou shouldst lie ; nor wilt thou e'er forsake
 The helpless soul that casts itself on thee.

Thou art engag'd by thine own sacred name
 For my security, my gracious God,
 My father's God, who hast, from age to age,
 Our refuge been, our trust, and dwelling-place,
 My godly parents, with baptismal vows,
 Solemnly dedicated me to thee.
 My infant-hands were early lifted up,
 And I soon learn'd to know my father's God.
 I with my hand have to the Lord subscrib'd,
 And am by obligations wholly thine,
 Most voluntary, and deliberate.
 The God of Jacob is my joyful choice,
 Nor need I fear to lose my part in thee,
 While as the heav'ns establish'd is thy truth.

C

The

The Lord who made the skies, the earth, and sea,
And all that they contain, will never break
His steadfast word, or make his promise void.

Were my dependance fix'd upon myself,
I should inevitably be undone :
The first temptation my resolves would shake,
And for a trifle I would weakly sell
Th' invaluable riches of thy love—
For momentary joys I'd fool away
Immortal pleasures; and a specious cheat
Would soon seduce me from the hopes I have
To be with God in heav'n for ever blest'd.
If thou forsake me, I shall quickly fall
A victim to my own depravity,
And perish with th' ungodly multitude.
But oh ! the Strength of Israel is my hope—
The Mighty-One of Jacob my defence.

Upon the Rock of ages do I build—
The fix'd, immutable Divinity
Is my high tower, refuge, help, and shield;
My Saviour, my Redeemer, and my King.
These were the glorious titles by which thou,
At first, didst satisfy my doubting soul.
Oh ! these were the transporting names I knew
And call'd thee by; and thou hast answer'd them,
Thro' all the shifting changes of my life.

I was thy early care—thou didst support
 My helpless infancy ; and thou art still
 The watchful guide of my unsteady youth.
 Which way so'er I turn, I'm sure to meet
 Thy mercy ; and I trace thy Providence.
 Long, therefore, as I live, I will record
 Thy benefits, and on thy truth depend—
 Those benefits which have pursu'd me still—
 That truth which never has deceiv'd me yet,
 And is engag'd to lead me to the end.
 Joyful assurance ! What security
 Can I ask further ? What more certain pledge
 Can be than the divine veracity ?
 From their broad basis hills shall be remov'd—
 Islands, and mountains flee away—but thou
 Wilt never break thy solemn covenant—
 That covenant which has been seal'd with blood—
 The blood of the incarnate Son of God :
 And in that holy mystic sacrament
 I have receiv'd the pledges of thy love.
 To that communion thou didst graciously
 Give me an invitation, and didst there
 Meet me with favour most unmerited.

" Fear not (thou saidst) poor, trembling soul, for I
 Thy mighty Saviour, thy Redeemer am—
 The hope of Israel—and in my great name
 Shall all the nations of the earth be blest'd.

" I am long-suff'ring, gracious, merciful,
 " Plenteous in goodness, and to anger slow.
 " This, mourning soul, is the endearing name
 " By which I have reveal'd myself to men.
 " I, the Messiah so long waited for,
 " The glory of the Gentiles, Jacob's star,
 " Came from the radiant throne of the third heav'n,
 " And, being found in fashion as a man,
 " Fulfill'd all righteousness, and shed my blood,
 " The sinful race of Adam to redeem.
 " Able to save unto the uttermost
 " I am, and willing—therefore, whoe'er comes
 " To me, I will in no wise cast him out.
 " Fear not—I have towards thee thoughts of peace;
 " And, by these visible exterior signs
 " Of my bruise'd body, and my blood pour'd forth,
 " I seal my love to thine immortal soul.
 " Take here th' assurances I give of heav'n—
 " The pledges of eternal happiness."

" It is enough (reply'd my ravish'd soul)
 " Divide the world as seemeth good to thee—
 " Let men unenvy'd its delights possess :
 " Thy love is all I crave—I'm blest'd with that,
 " And happily anticipate the joys
 " Of paradise ; and ev'ry place is heav'n,
 " While my beloved's mine and I am his.
 " If all the monarchs, who, with pow'r supreme,

" Go-

" Govern the wide dominions of the globe,
 " Should offer each his boasted diadem,
 " I would not quit thy favour for them all,
 " But would resign these trifles with contempt—
 " The world's a toy, while I can call thee mine.
 " Let God and angels witness for me now,
 " That I renounce the world, and choose thy love,
 " As my best portion—that I sacrifice
 " My darling sins to thee : and solemnly
 " To thy blest'd service consecrate myself."

Thus did I join myself unto the Lord—
And thus didst thou most graciously vouchsafe
To seal the privileges to my soul
Of the new covenant—Oh! let not time
Ever obliterate the sacred deed!
But, in the volumes of eternity,
Let it be written! Let it be engrav'd
In destiny's unalterable books!
There let the articles recorded stand,
And be in everlasting mem'ry held!



XI. THOU ART MY GOD.

O GOD, *thou art my God!* Thou art the spring,
The boundless spring of thine own happiness,
And thy desires all centre in thyself.

Immutable, and infinitely pure
 Thou art—and in thy holiness consists
 Thy blessedness and glory: but that *thou*
Art my redeeming God, it is from thence
 Flows all my consolation, and my hope.
 This glorious and transcendent privilege
 Is all my dignity, and all my boast.

Thou art my God, and I will shout thy praise—
 My father's God, and I will thee exalt.
 Jehovah liveth! Blessed be my Rock!
 Oh let the God of my salvation be
 Extoll'd by all the saints in heav'n and earth!
 Thy favour's better than the life itself,
 Therefore, my joyful lips shall laud thy name.

I enjoy all things in possessing thee—
 I find no want, no emptiness within.
 My wishes are all answer'd to the full,
 And my desires appeas'd, when I believe
 My title to thy favour is secur'd.
 Whatever tempests howl around my head—
 Whatever darkness intercepts my views,
 Yet when I cry, "*Thou art my God*," the storms
 Sink to a calm—the darkness vanishes.
 I find my expectations from the world
 Are disappointed, and my friends are false.
 So that dependance upon man is vain:

But

But still *thou art my God*, and my strong tow'r,
 My rock, my never-failing confidence,
 My everlasting portion, and my rest.
 Against me death and hell discharge their darts,
 But, with a heavenly tranquillity,
 I cry, *Thou art my God*—I dwell on high—
 For, the munition of unshaken rocks :
 Is my secure defence, and hiding-place.

O Lord, I firmly anchor all my hopes
 On the foundation of thy faithful word.
 While thou art mine, what shall excite my fear ?
 For, can Omnipotence be overcome ?
 Or, can almighty power be oppos'd ?
 When this can happen, then, and not till then,
 Shall I want succour and security—
 Then shall my confidence, and not till then,
 Be shaken, and my hopes be overthrown.

Thou art my God! Let me again repeat
 The glorious accents—the delightful sounds!
 Let me, a thousand and a thousand times,
 Reiterate them—It is rapture all,
 And harmony ! What more melodious note
 Could angels sing, or play, with tongues, or harps !
 What but these rapturous, transporting words
 Impart the emphasis to all their joys !
 On this they dwell—'tis their eternal theme—

Thou art my God! Like me, each seraph boasts
 Th' illustrious propriety, and owes
 His happiness to those important words.
 In them unbounded pleasures are compris'd—
 Yea, paradise itself is here describ'd.
 All that the tongues of mortals can declare
 Of heav'nly blessedness is here contain'd.

My God, my all-sufficient good, in thee
 My most enlarg'd desires are satisfy'd,
 And all my pow'rs rejoice in thy dear name.
 I triumph in *my God*—Let others boast
 Of what they will, and vainly pride themselves
 In the security that earth can give—
 Let them in honours place their confidence,
 Or in their wealth, or in their num'rous friends :
 I all reliance on these broken reeds
 Renounce, and glory only in *my God*.
 From him alone my joys shall take their rise,
 And run their everlasting rounds, beyond
 The boundaries of all created things.
 When death shall take away all other props,
 Necessitating me to quit my claim
 To all I valu'd here, I in *my God*
 A property unchangeable shall have—
 Immovable shall that engagement stand,
 When I shall lose my hold of all things else.
 When human glories take their flight, I then

Shall

Shall bid them all adieu, and joyfully
 Breathe out my soul in this triumphant song,
 " *Thou art my God*, and mine inheritance,
 " My everlasting portion—Neither death
 " Nor hell shall separate me from thy love."

Thou art my God—Let me, if possible,
 Mete the extent of my felicity—
 Let me survey my vast inheritance—
 Let me on its dimensions ruminate.
 O wond'rous height! O depth! O length, and breadth
 Immeasurable! I have all that's worth
 Possessing in the world—*Thou art my God*.

What have I utter'd? Is mortality
 Permitted to express these daring words?
 Can Adam's race such high pretensions claim?
 Why, thou thyself hast nothing more to give?
 Thou, who, to all thy creatures, art the source
 Of joy, and blest'd supremely in thyself.
 Fountains of pleasure from thy presence flow—
 At thy right-hand are joys for evermore.
 Immortal life and happiness proceed
 From thee; and they are, consequently, blest'd,
 Who with thy favour are encompass'd round.
 Thou art *their* God, and thou art *my* God, too,
 And wilt be so, when time shall be no more.

The world is dross, with all its glitt'ring charms—
 Its snares and gay temptations can't seduce.
 Creatures no more of entity can boast—
 Earth's beauties have no beauties now for me.
 The streams, the hills, the groves, the sun, the stars
 Are vanish'd, and my God is all in all.



XII. CONFESSION OF SIN, WITH HOPE OF
 PARDON.

BREAK, break, insensible, obdurate heart!
 Let shame, and dire confusion cover me,
 And darkness, black as my own crimes, surround
 My guilty head! Lord, what a wretch am I!
 What a vile sinner! hateful to myself,
 For so ungratefully offending thee!
 Then, how much more detestable must I
 Be in thy sight, whom I've offended thus!
 Oh, why have I provok'd the God on whom
 Depends the breath I every moment draw—
 The God by whom I was from nothing rais'd
 To mental pow'rs, and immortality,
 And render'd capable of joys in heav'n—

The

The God, whose goodness has run parallel
 With my existence—who has kept me safe
 Amidst a thousand snares, and sav'd me from
 The dreadful ruin which I us'd to court ?

How often, from the very gates of hell,
 Has he brought back my soul, and rescu'd me
 From the tremendous wages of my sin,
 When there was but a dying groan, but one
 Faint sigh between me and eternal death !
 When human succour fail'd, and mournful friends
 Were taking their farewell, and ev'ry hope
 Forsook me, and *the king of terrors* stood
 Ready to snatch me hence—to God I cry'd,
 Out of the depths of misery and despair—
 I cry'd, and he inclin'd his gracious ear,
 And from the op'ning grave redeem'd my life :
 He brought my feet out of the miry clay,
 And set them on a rock, immovable.
 A thousand instances could I recount
 Of the Lord's goodness, all to my own shame.

Could I look on thee as mine enemy,
 I might forgive myself; but when I know
 Thou hast so often prov'd thyself my friend,
 My tender father, my deliverer,
 The author of my life and happiness,
 Good God ! in what a light do I appear !

What a strange monster of ingratitude,
 With sins most heinous to requite thy love !
 Could I accuse thee of severity,
 Or call thy statutes rig'rous and unjust,
 Then I had some excuse; but, reason there
 Puts me to silence, forcing an assent
 To all thy laws, as holy, just, and good.
 But oh ! t'increase my guilt, I have transgress'd
 The sacred rules which I so much approve !
 I have provok'd the justice which I fear—
 ebell'd against the God whom I adore.

Yet there are higher aggravations still
 Of mine iniquity—for, I have sinn'd
 Against unparallel'd benignity.
 Here of my folly lies the emphasis—
 'Tis this which strongly marks my misery.
 May I not say, the sense of this excites
 As much tormenting anguish as the fear
 Of losing heav'n or sinking into hell ?
 Thy tender love, and all thine acts of grace,
 Formerly pleasing subjects of my thoughts,
 Are now my terror, upon this account.
 The titles of an enemy and judge
 Scarce sound more painful to my ears, than those
 Of a kind benefactor, and a friend,
 Which aggravate so shamefully my guilt.
 Those sacred names confound, and terrify

My

My soul, because they furnish conscience with
 Reproaches the most poignant and severe.
 The thoughts of such beneficence abus'd,
 Such loving-kindness slighted, seem to me
 Almost as insupportable as those
 Of thy displeasure and vindictive wrath.

Where shall I turn? Upwards I dare not look—
 The sun, the moon, the stars upbraid me there.
 If I look downward, fields and fountains take
 Their Maker's part; and heav'n and earth conspire
 Greatly to heighten mine enormity.
 Those common blessings tell me, bounteous Lord,
 How much I am indebted to thy love :
 But when thy *special* favours I recall,
 I am confounded utterly with these.
 What num'rous instances could I recount?
 Nor has my obstinate rebellion yet
 Shut up the flowing fountain of thy grace :
 For yet I breathe—and yet I live—I live
 To implore a pardon—heav'n is open still,
 And the Almighty's throne accessible.
 But, with what confidence can I approach?
 What arguments, or motives, can I urge,
 But such as render me more culpable?

Shall I thy former pity urge, and all
 Thy past indulgence? This were but to plead

Against myself—and yet thy clemency,
 That clemency I have so oft abus'd,
 Is the best argument that I can bring—
 Thy grace and clemency which stand reveal'd
 In Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son,
 The Mediator between God and man.

To what a pass am I by sin reduc'd!
 What words are best adapted to my case?
 Pardon my sin, O Lord, for, it is great.
 Surprising argument! yet this will yield
 An everlasting theme to praise thy grace
 And magnify thy goodness; and will add
 An emphasis to all my grateful songs,
 And tune my harp to endless harmony.
 With me the ransom'd of the Lord shall join,
 While this stupendous instance of thy love
 Excites *their* wonder, and *my* gratitude:
 Thus shall thy glorious name exalted be.

O Lord, permit a worthless worm to plead
 A little with thee—say, what honour can
 Accrue to thee from my eternal death?
 What profit, or what triumph canst thou gain,
 By my perdition, O thou Lord of hosts?
 Mercy's thy bright, thy darling attribute!
 This gives thee all thy beauty, and completes
 Thy matchless, thy surpassing loveliness.

By names of kindness and indulgence, thou
Hast chosen to reveal thyself to men.

By titles most endearing thou hast, oft,
Made thyself known to my exulting soul—
Titles thou dost not yet disdain, but still
Art pitiful, and ready to forgive.

But that thou hast once pardon'd, or wilt now
Pardon my guilt, only enhances it.

And wilt thou, O my God, indeed forgive?
Wilt thou remit my debts? Wilt thou restore
The privileges I have forfeited?

Transcendent goodness! Most amazing love!

Oh, let me never live, indulgent God,
Again to shew my base ingratitude!

Oh, let me never live to break my vows—

My penitential vows! but let me die,
Ere that unhappy moment shall arrive!



XIII. THE ABSENCE OF GOD ON EARTH.

WHAT is damnation? What is hell, O Lord,
But an exclusion from thy presence? 'Tis
The want of that which gives th'infernal pit
Its terrifying horrors. What is heav'n?

By

What are the joys of angels, but the views
Of Majesty upon a throne of grace?
What but thy smiles, and thy complacence are
The springs of their immortal ecstasies?

Without the light of thy sweet countenance,
What privilege can my existence be?
What canst thou give thyself, to countervail
The infinite, irreparable loss?
Could all the empty honours, all the wealth,
And tasteless pleasures of this lower world,
Afford a recompence, commensurate?
Ah, no! Not all the glories of the earth
Could satisfy my soul, while wanting thee.
Let the licentious, proud, and covetous,
These trifles share among themselves—they can
No comfort give to my dejected thoughts.

There was a time (but, ah! that happy time
Is pass'd—those blissful moments gone!) when I
Could call thee, with a modest confidence,
My father, my almighty friend, my guide,
My hope, and my exceeding-great reward:
But now those high advantages are lost—
Those soul-transporting prospects are withdrawn,
And to my trembling heart thou dost no more
Appear, but as a sin-avenging God,
As a consuming fire, a judge severe,

A potentate that's inaccessible,
 An enemy, all pow'rful to destroy—
 And who shall pluck me from thy strong right-hand?
 Where shall I find a shelter from thy wrath?
 What shades can skreen me from thy piercing sight?
 One glance from thee would kindle into day
 The thickest darkness—Thine all-searching eyes
 Can penetrate the sable veil of night.

But, will the Lord for ever cast me off?
 Will he no longer favourable be?
 Has God, indeed, forgotten to be kind?
 Will he my supplications still shut out,
 And must I never see my Maker's face?
 Oh, must I never meet those smiles, that fill
 The heav'nly hosts with joys unspeakable—
 Those gracious smiles which lighten paradise,
 And make one everlasting day above?
 In vain, then, have mine eyes beheld the light—
 In vain am I endu'd with faculties
 Of reason, and immortal principles.
 What but eternal curses will they prove,
 If I must never see the face of God?

Is it a dream? Or, do I really hear
 The voice of my Beloved whisp'ring peace?
 Behold! he cometh, skipping on the hills,
 And leaping on the mountains, like a roe.

Long have I waited, with anxiety,
 For thee, as they that for the morning wait ;
 And far more welcome, Lord, are thy returns
 Than springing day-light after tedious night —
 More welcome far than ease is to the sick,
 Than rest is to the weary traveller,
 Than water is to him that's faint with drought.
 Without thee I was wretched, and undone—
 In vain, while thou wert absent, earth hath try'd
 To entertain me—All it could present
 Was but like silly jests to dying men,
 Or like amusements to the damn'd in hell.
 Upon thy smiles alone my peace depends :
 Wanting thy favour, I should even sigh
 For happiness in paradise itself.
 Better than life thy loving-kindness is—
 And, if a taste of it can thus transport,
 What ecstasies shall I experience, when
 I drink my fill of those pure streams of bliss,
 Which flow from thy right hand for evermore !

But, when, oh when shall this delightful day
 Of vision be ? When shall my happy soul
 Be lost in love ? Oh, when shall I behold
 The face of God without a veil between ?
 'Tis true, the elements of bread and wine
 Impart thy virtual presence to my soul,
 But to my sense still unreveal'd thou art.
 This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliss—

The

The shadow for the substance I would change;
My soul a more exalted pitch would fly,
And view thee in the heights of majesty.



XIV. BANISHMENT FROM GOD FOR EVER.

"**D**EPART from me, ye cursed"—Gracious God,
Oh, let me never hear those dreadful words
Pronounc'd against me! With what terror would
That sentence pierce my agonizing heart,
Since even now it thunders in mine ears!
Oh, rather finish, with one potent word,
My very being! Let me be reduc'd
To nothing, as from nothing I first came!
To be for ever banish'd from thy face,
And curs'd with immortality, oh, who,
Who can sustain th' intolerable doom!
O dreadful state of black despair! to find
Myself remov'd from God, my God, and fix'd
Where I must never, never taste his love,
Nor see the light of his sweet countenance!
Unutterable woe! There is no hell
Beyond it—Surely, banishment from God
Is the profoundest depth of misery.

Blackness

Blackness of darkness, and eternal night
 Must necessarily involve a foul
 Irrevocably from thy presence driv'n.
 What life, what joy, what hope is to be found,
 Where thou art not? No words can ever paint
 My thoughts of such a melancholy state.
 Oh, let me never be reserv'd for that!
 Rather let loose the thunder of thy pow'r,
 And totally annihilate my frame.

“ Depart from thee!” Where should I go from
 thee?

To utter darkness? That would nothing add
 To his dire pangs who is from thee exil'd.
 After that fearful doom, without constraint,
 I should look out for shades as dark as hell,
 Being most suitable to my despair;
 And, in the horrors of eternal night,
 Gnashing my teeth, bewail the dreadful loss.

The thoughts of forfeited felicity
 Would make celestial day unbearable.
 The light of paradise, without thy love,
 Could not exhilarate—Angelic songs
 Would but increase my anguish, and torment
 With scenes of bliss which I must never taste.
 The sight of thine exalted favourites,
 The glories of thy courts, would but excite

My

My envy, and with madness fill my mind,
 While I could only look upon myself
 As the mark'd object of thine endless wrath:
 Nor could the finest harmony of heav'n
 Allay th'embitt'ring horror of that thought.

The weeping, and the wailing of the damn'd,
 The gloom of the infernal pit, would be
 Much more adapted to my pungent grief.
 There to the cries of the tormented ghosts,
 And to the sound of howling tempests, I
 Might join my wild complaints—bemoan the loss
 Of heav'nly bliss, and my own folly curse.
 But all the plagues below (if I might speak
 My present thoughts) should not extort from me
 A blasphemous reflection on my God:
 For, I deserve eternal misery—
 And, ev'n in hell, I think I should confess
 The justice of the Judge who sent me there.
 Thy long-experienc'd goodness, I am sure,
 Should silence my upbraidings, and leave thee,
 To all eternity, unblemish'd with
 The imputation of severity.

But oh! remembrance of thy former love
 Would the most poignant agonies create.
 What exquisite remorse would fill my heart,
 Recalling those bless'd moments when thou didst

Cheer

Cheer with thy presence my entreating soul!
 After the taste of visitations sweet,
 How bitter would the dregs of thy wrath be!
 After the entertainment of thy smiles,
 How could I bear the fierceness of thy frowns!

If I must lose thy favour, what that word
 Imports, oh, let me totally forget!
 For ever from my mem'ry blot the joys
 Awaken'd by the sense of love divine!
 Let not a vestige on my soul remain
 Of all the sacred transports I have felt!

But must I, into everlasting fire,
 Depart from thee? Double, and dreadful curse!
 And yet, infernal darkness, chains, and flames,
 (If of such awful things I now can judge)
 Would be less formidable than the sense
 Of those lost comforts. That loss would endure
 No after-thought—but the review would be
 For ever painful, insupportable:
 The ages of eternity could ne'er
 Lessen the keen regret—'twould still excite
 New, and unutterable pangs; and rack
 My mind with all the horrors of despair.

O blessed God, commiserate that soul
 Whose greatest, sharpest terror is the doom

Of an eternal banishment from thee!
 Into the closest, holiest union draw
 My spirit to thyself! and let me here
 Commence that joyful fellowship with thee,
 Which neither death nor judgment shall destroy,
 Nor everlasting ages terminate!



XV. THE GLORY OF GOD, IN HIS WORKS OF CREATION, PROVIDENCE, AND REDEMPTION.

MY being flows immediately from thee—
Should I not, then, my great Creator praise?
The breath which I last drew from thee I had,
And thou, this moment, dost sustain my life,
And on thy pleasure doth the next depend.
The glory of my nature 'tis, to know,
And all my happiness, to celebrate,
And to adore my great Original.
But oh! Supreme of all things, how art thou
To be extoll'd by mortal man! I say
Unto corruption, "Thou my father art,"
And to the worms, "Ye my brethren are."
My life is nothing before thee—but thou
Art still the same, and thy years never fail.
From everlasting thou hast been my God,

Th'im-

of

Th' immutable, incomprehensible
 Divinity! The strains of paradise,
 And all the flights of heav'nly eloquence
 Cannot sufficiently set forth thy praise.
 The first-born sons of light bewilder'd are,
 While thy perfections they investigate.
 In blissful wonder, silent ecstacy,
 They cast their crowns before thy throne, whilst thou
 Art with unutterable splendour veil'd.
 The glorious, ever-blessed Deity
 Is comprehended by himself alone.

Who can conceive the greatness of that pow'r
 Which, out of nothing, for a rising world,
 Materials brought; and, from chaotic gloom,
 Bade the harmonious universe appear.
 " Confusion heard the voice, and wild uproar
 " Stood rul'd—stood vast infinity confin'd."

At thy behest, the pillars of the sky
 Were fram'd, and all its beauteous arches rais'd.
 Thy breath adorn'd the moon with silver rays,
 Kindled the stars, and gave the flaming sun
 Its glorious splendour, and magnificence.
 Thou for the waters didst prepare their bed
 Capacious, and didst by thy pow'r set bounds
 To the fierce raging billows of the sea.
 By thee, the vallies, in their flow'ry pride,

Were

Were cloth'd, and tow'ring mountains crown'd with
groves.

In all the visible and wonderful

Effects of nature, we thy pow'r confess.

Thou utterest thy voice in thunder-peals,

And thy fork'd lightning scatterest abroad.

Thou ridest on the swift wings of the wind,

And forests tremble, and the mountains shake,

When thou appearest in thy majesty.

Summer and winter, day and night are thine.

" These are thy glorious works, Parent of good—

" Almighty, thine this universal frame :

" Thus wond'rous they—thyself how wond'rous

" then!"

But, if thou art thus glorious in thy works,

Oh, what must thine essential greatness be!

If the discov'ries of thy mighty pow'r

And matchless wisdom, thus delightful are,

How must thine acts of goodness captivate!

From thee each living thing receives its breath,

And, by thy word, are all upheld in life.

To the least worm thy providence extends—

Thy tender care is over all thy works.

Thou feedest the young ravens, when they cry,

And for the lions dost provide their prey.

Thou scatterest thy blessings all around,

With most unbounded liberality.

But

But, man, refractory, ungrateful man,
 Partakes more largely thy beneficence.
 Thou on the evil, thankless, and unjust,
 Sendest thy rain, and mak'st thy sun to shine—
 For, mercy is thy darling attribute.

As Maker and Preserver of mankind,
 Gloriously manifest art thou, O Lord !
 But much more gloriously art thou reveal'd,
 As reconciling, by thy dear Son's blood,
 Rebellious enemies unto thyself.
 Here thy good-will to Adam's race displays
 Its brightest splendour—here thou dost disclose
 Thy most endearing titles, “ The Lord God,
 “ Gracious, and merciful, long-suffering,
 “ Pienteous in truth and goodness, rich in grace.”
 Oh, how unsearchable are all thy ways !
 None can unto perfection find thee out.
 Infinite depths of love ! by human tongues
 Never to be express'd ! and yet, should man
 Be mute, the stones themselves would then cry out,
 And the inanimate creation find
 A voice to censure his ingratitude.



XVI. LONGING FOR THE COMING OF CHRIST.

LORD Jesus, come—come quickly—oh, come now!

Left I grow weary, thro' defeated hopes,
And even murmur at thy long delay.
I'm tired with these earthly vanities,
And more unentertaining, ev'ry day,
More wearisome, and tasteless, grows the world.
Now it has lost its charms, and finds my heart
Insensible to all its blandishments.
These transitory glories now I view
With great indiff'rence, yea, with cold contempt,
Inspir'd, by lively, realizing faith,
With nobler prospects, and with vaster hopes.
I see the promis'd land, and ev'ry day
Brings me still nearer the inheritance
Reserv'd for me in heav'n. Then shall I see
My God, and live—and, face to face, behold
My conqu'ring Saviour, my triumphant King,
And in his favour find immortal life.
Ye hours and days, cut short your tedious rounds—
Ye months and years (if such allotted be
For me, in this detested, barren world)

With

With hasty revolution roll along—
 I languish with impatience to be gone.
 Nothing on earth have I to linger for—
 My hope, my rest, my treasure, and my joys
 Are all above; and, for the courts of heav'n,
 I long, I faint, in this dry, thirsty land,
 Where there is no refreshment for the soul.
 How long shall I sojourn in Kedar's tents?
 How long in wicked Meshec must I dwell?
 When shall I reach my everlasting home?
 When shall the tiresome journey of this life
 Be at an end, and I arrive at heav'n?
 My heart, my wishes are already there—
 My farewell to delay no ties I have—
 An unacquainted pilgrim here I live—
 A stranger, distant from my native place.

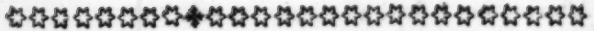
My friends are gone before me—and are now
 Chanting their songs of triumph in the skies—
 Possess'd of the rewards of victory.
 With joy the field of battle they survey,
 Where they were brought off more than conquerors.
 Having for ever vanquish'd death and hell,
 Endless tranquillity they now enjoy:
 While I, encompass'd with a thousand snares,
 And weary'd out with never-ceasing toil,
 Uneadstily maintain the Christian fight;
 Till active faith steps in, and, shewing me

Th'im-

Th' immortal crown, bids me fresh courage take,
 Assuring me I shall o'ercome, at last.
 It says, that for the righteous light is sown,
 And gladness for the men of heart sincere.
 It tells me, with convincing evidence,
 That my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand,
 At the last day, upon the earth—and though,
 After my skin, this body worms destroy,
 Yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I
 Shall for myself behold, and not another,
 Although my reins within me be consum'd.
 Amen—ev'n so, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
 This must be still the language of my soul—
 These my impatient breathings after thee,
 Till in thy majesty thou dost appear.
 My heart will pine for thee, the living God,
 Till thy complete salvation I shall see.

Lord, grant me, as an hireling, to fulfil
 My day—shorten the space, and let it be
 Of action full. 'Tis of small consequence
 How few the circles are of days and hours,
 So they are with devotion well fill'd up,
 And with the duties that belong to man.





XVII. SEEKING AFTER AN ABSENT GOD.

OH, be not angry, Lord, and I, who am
 But dust and ashes, will presume to speak!
 Wherefore dost thou withdraw thyself from me,
 And suffer me to follow thee in vain?
 If I'm with thine immensity enclos'd,
 Why am I thus insensible of thee?
 If thou art present ev'ry where, oh, why
 Do I not find thee? In the temple, where
 I us'd to meet thee, I inquire for thee.
 There I have oft discover'd and pursu'd
 The traces of thy majesty and grace—
 But ah! those visions bless my sight no more.
 I in my closet search for thee, where I
 Have call'd upon thy glorious name, and oft
 Have heard the sacred whispers of thy voice—
 With that celestial conversation, which,
 Time after time, hath charm'd my ravish'd soul,
 I'm charm'd no more—I listen—but, alas!
 No more I hear those gentle, joyful sounds.
 I pine and languish, but thou sleepest me—
 I wither, in thine absence, as a plant,
 With drooping head, for the reviving sun.

This

This dismal darkness when wilt thou disperse?
 Oh, when before thee shall the shadows flee:
 When shall the cheerful glory of thy grace
 Dawn on my mind, at thy belov'd approach?
 I shall revive at thy enliv'ning light—
 My spirits shall confess the present God.
 My griefs, and doubts shall vanish before thee,
 And joys immortal shall surround my soul.

Where thou art present, heav'n and happiness
 Ensur—hell and damnation fill the breast
 Where thou art absent—While my God withdraws,
 I'm compass'd round with darkness and despair—
 With an uncomfortable lustre shine
 The sun and stars—the faces of my friends
 Grow wearisome—the smiles of angels would
 Attempt in vain to cheer my fainting soul:
 I grow a stranger to tranquillity—
 Then, peace and joy to me are empty sounds,
 And words without a meaning. Tell me not
 Of glory, pleasure—there are no such things,
 Without my God. While he absents himself,
 What satisfaction can these trifles give?
 All that amuses mankind are but dreams
 Of happiness—fantastic semblances,
 And shades. What compensation can they make
 For a departed good, that's infinite?
 All nature's glories can't repair my loss—

In

In vain would heav'n and earth their treasures give:
 Not all the kingdoms of this lower world,
 Nor all the thrones of cherubims above
 Could recompence me for an absent God.

Where can my pungent sorrows find redress?
 Whence can I draw my comfort, when the spring
 Of joy seals up its recreating stream?
 Hopeless is all my grief, till he return—
 I shall be unacquainted with content—
 My night, without him, ne'er will see a dawn,
 But to eternal darkness shall extend.
 Had I all things within creation's bounds
 To gratify my senses, still *his* frowns
 Would blast *their* smiles, embitter all their sweets.
 Unreconcil'd to God, my soul would be
 At variance with itself for evermore.

Ev'n now, while I believe thy glory hid
 From me but with a transient eclipse—
 While eagerly for thy return I wait,
 As for the dawning day, my soul endures
 Pangs inexpressible, at the delay.
 The minutes seem to linger, and the days
 Are lengthen'd into ages—But, O Lord,
 What keener anguish should I feel, did I
 Imagine thou hadst left me totally—
 Did I suppose thy glory would no more

Arise

Arise upon my soul ? My spirits fail
 At the idea—for, I cannot bear
 The dreadful apprehensions of my God
 For ever gone. Oh, surely, it is hell
 In its most horrid prospect—black despair,
 Eternal darkness, the undying worm,
 And irremediable detriment !
 Compar'd to this, oh, what were all the plagues
 That earth or hell could threaten, or invent ?
 What is disgrace, and poverty, and pain ?
 Or, what is all that mortals fear on earth,
 Whether they're real evils, or suppos'd ?
 They're nothing, when contrasted with the dread
 Excited by the thought of losing God.

O thou, who art my soul's supreme delight,
 My treasure inexhaustible, my all,
 My richest portion, can I part with thee ?
 See without light I may—breathe without air,
 Much sooner than be happy without God.
 Happiness, separate from thee, would be
 A contradiction—for, I feel a flame
 Which no created thing can satisfy—
 An emptiness which only can be fill'd
 By love immeasurable, infinite.
 I must find thee, or weary myself still
 In the eternal search—no obstacle
 Shall fright me back—no pleasure shall divert

My

My ardent soul from the intense pursuit.
 My patience nothing shall relieve, or sooth—
 My heav'n, my all depends on the success.
 Then, shew me where thou art, my gracious God—
 Conduct me to thy presence—let thy love
 Confine my soul for ever to thyself.



XVIII. APPEALS TO GOD CONCERNING THE
 SUPREMACY OF LOVE TO HIM.

WHENE'ER I cease to love thee, O my God,
 And to adore thee, let me cease to live.
 When I forget thee, let each pleasing thought
 Be from my memory for ever raz'd—
 Let me forget the name of happiness.
 When thou art not my chiefest joy on earth,
 Let all things else deceive me—let my breast
 Know peace no more, and seek repose in vain.
 Let strange delusions mock my gayest hopes—
 Let my desires no satisfaction find,
 Till they are terminated all in thee.
 When I forget the comforts of thy love,
 Let pleasure be a stranger to my soul :
 When I prefer not *that* to ev'ry joy,

Of ev'ry joy make me insensible.
 When thy benignity is not to me
 Dearer than life itself, then let that life
 Become a burden insupportable.

Search the recesses of my inmost soul,
 And if thou findest any rival there,
 Remove the darling idol, and blot out
 All names but thine from my devoted breast.
 Emptiness in the creatures let me find,
 When I forsake the all-sufficient God.
 Oh let the stream afford me no supplies,
 When thee, the copious fountain, I desert.
 Let me of ev'ry help be destitute,
 When I withdraw my confidence in thee.
 In everlasting silence close my lips,
 When they refuse to own thy benefits,
 And make not thee the subject of their praise,
 Let not my ears hear strains of joy, whene'er
 Thy name is not the most delightful sound
 They can convey to my adoring heart.

I have been utt'ring curses on myself,
 If love to thee be not my chief desire :
 Yet, O my choicest good, my only joy,
 Might I not go on further still, and say,
 I'll venture on my heart's sincerity,
 Even immortal bliss ? O Lord, forgive

These

These dang'rous efforts of a mortal tongue,
 Which are the mere out-breakings of a soul
 Inflam'd with the most ardent love to thee!
 I could ev'n dare to pledge my strongest hopes
 Of future happiness, and think I could
 (Let not my heart deceive me) risk them all,
 If thou art not the object of these hopes,
 And if thy smiling countenance be not
 The height of that expected happiness,

If I desire, in heaven, or in earth,
 Any thing in comparison of thee,
 Then let me be (I'm ready to cry out)
 An exile from the light of paradise:
 For, ev'n that paradise to me would seem
 But melancholy darkness, without thee;
 And the obscurest corner of the world
 Would be more pleasing, with thy presence blest.
 Remote from thee, where could I happy be?
 What good imaginable could supply
 The want of thee? Say, O my gracious God,
 Do I not love thee above ev'ry thing?

To witness shall I call th' angelic choir?
 To witness shall I call both earth and heav'n?
 Will not the High and Holy-One himself,
 Of earth and heav'n possessor, condescend
 To witness how sincerely I do love?

With

With heart-felt satisfaction I reflect
 On all the obligations by which I
 To thy delightful service bound myself.
 With an entire, deliberate assent,
 My soul gives up its diff'rent pow'rs to thee:
 I would engage myself to be the Lord's,
 In closer ties than mortals ever knew.
 Ye ministers of light, give me your flames,
 And teach me your celestial forms, and rites—
 Let all be grand, pathetic, and sublime,
 And solemn as your own immortal vows;
 And I will joyfully go through them all,
 To bind myself for ever to my God.
 Ye heav'ns, and earth—ye holy angels, say,
 And, O thou searcher of all hearts, say now,
 Do I not love thee with supreme delight?



XIX. A DEVOUT RAPTURE, OR LOVE TO GOD
 INEXPRESSIBLE.

THOU radiant sun, thou moon, ye sparkling
 stars,
 How gladly would I leave your pleasing light,
 To see the face of God! Ye crystal streams,
 Ye flow'ry lawns, ye variegated groves,

With

D

My

My innocent delights, how joyfully
 Could I leave *you* to meet that blissful sight !
 Yea, on the smiling faces of my friends
 I would this moment shut my eyes, to view
 Him whom my soul adores, and loves—so loves,
 That I can find no language to express
 The ardor of the flame that burns within.
 Not as the greedy miser loves his wealth,
 Nor the ambitious honour's highest feat—
 Not as the libertine his pleasure loves,
 Nor as the gen'rous man regards his friend :
 These are comparisons too flat, to shew
 Th'intenseness of the passion that I feel.
 Not as a man, when in a fever scorch'd,
 Thirsts for some cooling recreating draught—
 Not as a weary trav'ller longs for rest—
 Similitudes like these can't represent
 My servent, restless breathings after God.

I love my friend—my life, and heav'ns light
 Are dear to me : but should I say, I love
 My God as I love these, I should bely
 The flame which to infinity aspires.
 O uncreated beauty, it is thee,
 Abstractly thee, that my heart doats upon :
 In thee my wishes wholly terminate—
 In thee, as in their blissful centre meet
 All my desires—and there eternally

They

They must be fix'd—'Tis thou alone that must
 For ever constitute my happiness.
 Tho' angels should not strike their tuneful harps,
 There would be, in the whispers of thy love,
 Sufficient harmony to charm mine ears.
 Tho' darkness should o'erspread the fields of light,
 Thy smiles would bless me with eternal day.
 The vision of thy face will still attract
 Mine eyes, nor give me time to waste a look
 On other objects, any farther than
 Thou in thy creatures art to be discern'd.
 Their beams of grace, of joy, and glory, are
 Deriv'd from thee, the everlasting Sun ;
 And will no farther my attention claim,
 Than they reflect thine image, or display
 The greatness of the wonder-working God.

Ev'n at this distance, with the shades of death,
 And with the mists of darkness compass'd round,
 In these cold, dismal regions, when a ray
 Of thy pure love breaks in upon my soul—
 When, thro' the clouds, I trace one glimm'ring
 beam,

Ev'n that obscures all human excellence,
 And pours contempt on ev'ry worldly joy.
 Oh, then, what wonders will the open sight
 Of thine irradiated face effect,
 When, in so elevated a degree,

They

I shall enjoy its influence, that the skies
 Will not attract me with their brilliancy,
 Nor the sweet converse of the heav'nly hosts
 Divert my captivated thoughts from thee.
 Thou my attention always wilt engross :
 And in felicity I should abound,
 Tho' I had nothing to delight my soul,
 But intimate communion with my God.

Mend, mend thy pace, old lazy Time, and shake
 Thy heavy sands, till they be all run out.
 Ye rolling planets, shorter circles make—
 When will your destin'd courses be fulfill'd ?
 How long, thou restless Sun, how long wilt thou
 Continue trav'ling the celestial road ?
 When will thy starry walk be at an end ?
 Oh when, commission'd from the Kings of kings,
 Will the Arch-angel stop thee in thy race,
 And, lifting up his hand, swear by his name
 That lives for ever, " Time shall be no more ?"
 O happy period ! My impatient soul
 Springs forward to salute thee, and outstrips
 The lagging hours, and days, and months, and years.
 Haste, my beloved, and be like a roe,
 Or a young hart, upon the hills of spice !

For the full sight of thee I pine—I die.
 Oh, turn the veil aside, and blow away

The separating cloud! Pull out the pins
Of this frail tabernacle—break the cords—
Let fall the curtain of mortality :
Let it no longer interpose between
My panting soul and its consummate bliss.
I feel those flames of love divine, which are
To spread with unextinguishable glow—
For, death itself can't quench the sacred fire.

Ye sons of light, ye guardians of the just,
Stand, and bear witness to my solemn vows :
And, while relying on thy saving grace,
O Jesus, my Redeemer, may I not
Venture to bid thy flaming ministers
Protest against me, when I change my love,
And be-accusers at the judgment-day ?
When I prove false to thee, may I not dare
To call upon them all, and say, bring in
Your evidence—proclaim my perjury ?
For, ye have listen'd, while the sacred name
That kindles transport in each Seraph's breast,
Flow'd from my lips, and grac'd my midnight song.
Bless'd was the time, and swiftly fled the days,
While holy love employ'd my noblest pow'rs.
The heav'ns appear'd, and the propitious skies
Unveil'd their inmost glories to my soul.

“ Oh stay, ye happy moments, stay (I cry'd)
“ Nor in your flight snatch these delights away !

" I ask to see the rising sun no more—
 " To mortals, and their hopes, I bid adieu."

These heavens, and this earth have to my vows
 Been witnesses—the holy angels have
 Been witnesses; and, therefore, all will join
 Together to condemn me, if I should,
 Like treach'rous Judas, violate my faith.

But 'tis impossible—For, what could earth,
 Or what could hell, nay, what could heav'n itself
 Propose to draw away my heart from God?
 What in the balance could they lay against
 An everlasting good? What recompence
 For God's lost favour could they ever make?
 Ask those blest'd souls, who bask beneath the light
 Of his endearing countenance above—
 Who from his smiles drink in immortal joys,
 What value they on their enjoyments set—
 Ask them what earth or heav'n could give to buy
 One moment's interval of their delights—
 Ask the transported hosts of seraphims,
 Amidst the fervour of their ecstasies,
 How high they estimate this happiness—
 And when the purchase has been nam'd by these,
 Then earth and hell may try to balance mine.
 Let them spread all the most alluring baits
 That to their ruin tempt deluded men—

Let honour, beauty, affluence appear
 In all their boasted captivating charms—
 The pleasures of the past and present times—
 The Persian softness, and the Roman pride—
 Let them uncover all the golden mines—
 Disclose the ruby sparkling in its bed—
 Let them the veins of sapphire ope, and shew
 The brilliant diamond glitt'ring on its rock—
 Then let them all be in the balance thrown—
 Alas ! their weight's too little, and too light.
 Add all the various pageantries of state—
 Hon'able, and Right Honourable names—
 Put in what boundless vanity can crave,
 Or wild ambition—sceptres, crowns, and thrones—
 The scale still mounts : throw in the world entire—
 'Tis unsubstantial—'tis all light as air.

Are these thy highest boasts, deceiving world ?
 Ye pow'rs of darkness, have ye nothing else
 To offer me ? Are these your utmost gifts ?
 Are these a compensation adequate
 To the Lord's favour ? Oh ! that boundless word
 Contains a meaning which outweighs them all.
 Infinite joy, bliss inconceivable
 Are express'd in it—more than men can think,
 Or angels can describe, it signifies.
 And, shall I, for poor, empty shadows, quit
 All that an everlasting heaven means ?

Ye baffled tempters, go, present your toys
 To madmen, and to fools—they vanish all
 Beneath my scorn, and cannot yield so much
 As an amusement to my tow'ring thoughts.
 The sun, in all his spacious circuit, sees
 Nothing to tempt me, or draw forth a wish.
 These winding skies, in all their ample round,
 Hold nothing equal to my vast desires.
 My high ambition has far diff'rent ends,
 And more exalted prospects keeps in view.
 Nothing below the joys of angels can
 Fill up the craving vacuum in my breast.

Let me explore the worlds of light, and life,
 And find a path to the resplendent throne
 Of the supreme, almighty Deity—
 Let me drink pleasures at the fountain-head—
 Let uncreated plenitude supply
 The various wants my gasping spirit feels.

O Love divine, into thy pleasing depths
 Let me launch out, and lose myself in thee!
 Oh let me plunge at once in endless joys!
 Oh, let my spirit now be swallow'd up
 In the unfathom'd sea of happiness!

Till then, I pine for my celestial home—
 Till then, I murmur to the winds and streams,

And

And tell the solitary shades my grief—
 The groves are conscious to my sad complaints—
 The moon and stars my lamentations hear.
 On my eternal interests I think,
 And, by their silent light, in mortal strains,
 To my divine affections give a vent.
 Then, looking upwards, I impatient grow
 To reach the milky way, and take my place
 Among the faints in immortality.

Come, love—come life eternal—come, blest'd day;
 For which I languish, when these eyes shall see,
 And when this thirsty soul of mine shall drink
 The unseal'd fountain of felicity.
 Oh come, thou whom my soul adores, and loves!
 I would go on, but cannot find out words
 Suited to the unutterable thought.

Tell me, ye sons of pure unfully'd light,
 Who feel the force of these celestial fires,
 How do ye paint their sacred violence?
 Or, do the tongues of angels falter too?
 Does paradise itself want language here?
 Deficient is immortal eloquence?
 Surely, more perfect is your happiness
 Than your descriptions of it e'er can be.
 Heav'n echoes to your soul-transporting notes,
 Far as they reach, while love divine, which is

Your constant song, is infinite, and knows
No limits of duration, or degree.

Yet I would say, some gentle spirit, come,
Teach me your art—lend me a golden harp,
And guide the flights of sacred harmony.
Oh, let me imitate your strains devout !
Then some of the transported choir above
Shall flock around my song, with joy to hear
The name they love sound from a human tongue.

Bless'd and immortal creatures, how I long
To join with you in your celestial style
Of adoration, and enraptur'd love !
I long to learn your ecstasies of joy,
And holy worship, in a language which
Mortals cannot pronounce, and to proclaim
The fervent passion of my panting soul,
In words which now are inexpressible.



XX. SELF-REPROOF FOR INACTIVITY.

'T IS wonderful that I should, one day, be
Rapt almost into the third heav'ns, and ere
A few revolving days or weeks have pass'd

Ove

Over my head, I then should find myself
 Creeping amongst the insects of the earth,
 And busy'd nearly in as poor a way!
 Can love divine, which, lately, into flames
 Of transport rais'd my elevated soul,
 So far subside within me, and grow cool?
 Strange it should leave me so inert, and dull,
 As I now feel myself! What shall I do
 To shame my drowsy conscience, and renew
 The flame of vigorous religious zeal?

Ah! how does the activity of men,
 About the small affairs of human life,
 Condemn my want of fervency and zeal,
 In matters of eternal consequence!
 Does the fond lover his beloved fair
 Pursue with such impatient eagerness?
 And shall not heav'nly beauty, loveliness
 Unparallel'd, attract my wond'ring view—
 In flame my wishes to a nobler height,
 And my cold, languishing devotion raise?

Are the ambitious so solicitous
 To aggrandize themselves, and to procure
 The admiration of some gaping fools?
 Do they such diff'rent mighty projects lay,
 And with such labour compass their designs,
 For gaudy trifles, and mere pageantry?

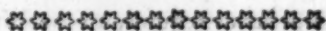
And oh ! shall I, who am a candidate
 For joys eternal—a probationer
 For heav'nly dignity, my title lose,
 For want of persevering diligence ?
 Shall I grow weary in the noble strife,
 When God and angels my assistants are,
 And ev'ry moment's toil will be repaid,
 With endless, and uninterrupted rest ?

See, see ! the moments fly—the labour's short—
 And the immense reward is drawing near !
 The palm of victory, the starry crown
 Are now in view—the happy fields of light
 Enchant me with the glories they present
 Awake, my soul, and actively pursue
 These heav'nly joys—rouse all thy sprightly pow'rs—
 And never let it be thy sad reproach,
 That the intenseness of thy diligence
 Falls short of the pretensions of thy wish ;
 Or that thy holy industry should sink
 So far below the fervour of that love,
 Which, in devotion's hour, thou hast pronounc'd
 Surpassing knowledge, and unspeakable.

O Lord, what an unstable thing is man !
 What frailty works in human flesh and blood,
 Often enervating our better pow'rs !
 'Tis Jesu's grace alone can keep alive

That

That spark immortal in us, which first came
From heaven, and first taught our hearts to rise,
And to spring upward—O almighty grace,
Preserve, complete the work thou hast begun!



XXI. A JOYFUL VIEW OF APPROACHING DEATH.

O Death, where is thy sting? Thou art disarm'd—
O Grave, where is thy boasted victory?
The conquest's mine—In triumph I shall pass
Thro' thy dark realms—and, by the grace of Christ,
My heav'nly leader, I shall there appear,
Not as a captive, but a conqueror.

Where are thy frightful, formidable looks,
Thou king of terrors? Nothing horrible
I in thy aspect see—Thou dost not come
With tokens of defiance, nor art thou
Commission'd from an angry, ruthless Judge,
But with kind invitations art dispatch'd
From mine exalted Saviour, who has march'd
Thro' thy dominions a triumphant King,
Making the grave a passage to his throne.
Thrice welcome, then, thou glorious messenger

Of liberty and joy! A thousand times
 More welcome than the trump of jubilee,
 Proclaiming rest and freedom to the slave—
 Or than the pardon to a convict giv'n.
 From darknefs and confinement, I shall go
 To immense light, and perfect liberty—
 From these tempestuous regions, to the soft,
 And peaceful climes above—from pain, and grief,
 To endless, undisturb'd tranquillity.
 For all the works of faith I shall receive
 A vast reward—for the reproach of fools,
 The praise of seraphs—the applause of God.
 In a few minutes, I shall higher be
 Than yonder stars, and brighter far than they,
 The boundless ether I shall range, and breathe
 The balmy, od'rous airs of paradise.
 My glorious Maker I shall soon behold,
 And hallelujahs to my Saviour sing.

And now, ye angels, guardians of the just,
 Who're always passing between heav'n and earth,
 Conduct me thro' th' ethereal element.
 Ye are commission'd not to leave your charge,
 Till to the new Jerusalem I rise,
 The heav'nly city of the living God—
 Till, to th' innumerable company
 Of righteous men made perfect, I am brought.

Patience,

Patience, and faith, hold out a little more—
 Your work will be accomplish'd speedily.
 But a few moments, and these sighs and groans
 Shall be exchange'd for everlasting songs.
 But a few rugged steps, and then shall end
 The tiresome journey of mortality.
 One effort more, and I shall gain the top
 Of Sion's mount; and, from th' eternal hills
 Look back on all the dangers I escap'd,
 I my rough travels thro' this wilderness.

Roll on, ye ling'ring moments—faster roll—
 The nearer my joys are, I am the more
 Impatient to behold them. After these
 Afflictive agonies, how greedily
 Shall I immortal ease and pleasure drink!
 Burst, ye thick clouds—begone, ye envious shades,
 And let me see the glories ye conceal!
 Now let me view the promis'd land of rest—
 The happy regions I am to possess.
 How long will ye thus interpose between
 My spirit, and th' unclouded face of God?
 Between the Sun of righteousness and me?
 Look up, my soul—see those reviving beams
 How sweetly they break forth! how they dispel
 The dismal gloom, and gild the shades of death!

O blest eternity! with what a light,
 With what a cheerful splendour dost thou dawn
 Upon my soul! With thee comes liberty,
 Unceasing happiness, and peace, and love!
 For, darkness, sorrow, tumult, pain, and death,
 Vanish away for ever before thee.
 I'm just upon the shores of those bright realms,
 Where an eternal day and spring reside.
 Yonder are the harmonious hills and vales
 Which always echo to the angels' songs.
 Their verdure there the blissful fields extend,
 And there th'immortal groves lift up their heads.
 What glorious things recorded are of thee,
 Thou city of the great, eternal King!
 How dazzling is thy prospect! there shall be
 No night in thee—no need of sun, or moon:
 For, the white throne of God, and of the Lamb,
 Is in the midst of thee; and all that are
 Redeem'd from sin shall walk in thy pure light.
 The kings and potentates of earth shall bring
 Their glory and their honour into thee;
 And there the mighty Lord shall be to us
 As a broad river, and a place of streams:
 And in thee shall be heard, incessantly,
 The shout of triumph, and the voice of joy.
 There holy souls perpetual sabbaths keep,
 And never are concern'd for sleep, or food—
 There conq'ring saints are crown'd with wreaths of
 light,

While

While golden harps, and silver trumpets sound—
 There flaming seraphs sacred hymns begin,
 And raptur'd cherubs loud responses sing.
 Mine eyes shall there behold the King of kings,
 In all his beauty, and magnificence.
 And oh ! how sweetly ravishing will be
 The aspects of his love ! What ecstasies
 Unutterable shall my spirit feel,
 When welcom'd with those smiles which lighten
 heav'n,
 And gladden all the hierarchy there !
 When on the beatific vision I
 Shall gaze, without one interposing cloud !
 When at the springs of joy I drink my fill,
 Which flow from his right-hand for evermore !



XXII. A DEVOUT RESIGNATION OF SELF TO
 THE DIVINE POWER AND GOODNESS.

MY all-sufficient friend, my shield, my tow'r,
 My rock, and my exceeding-great reward,
 I have enough—unbounded avarice
 Can covet nothing beyond thee, O Lord.
 The soul whom thou dost not suffice, deserves
 To be for ever poor. Thou art my choice,

My crown of glory, my supreme delight.
 I for my treasure took thy love alone,
 In that blest'd day when into covenant
 I enter'd with thee, and was seal'd thy child.
 No stipulations with my God I made
 For worldly friendships, honours, or delights,
 But solemnly renounc'd them all, and chose
 Thy favour for my single heritage,
 Leaving the guidance of my life to thee.

These were my vows, and these I've oft renew'd—
 And shall I now retract such sacred ties,
 And change a choice so rational and just?
 Forbid it, gracious God! Oh, let me ne'er
 Be guilty of such madness! Oft the world
 Has disappointed my most sanguine hopes,
 But thou hast never yet deceiv'd me, Lord.
 A certain refuge I have still found thee
 In time of need—when there was none to save,
 Thy pow'rful hand has set me free—thou hast
 Redress'd my grievances, dispell'd my fears—
 Out of obscurity thou hast brought light,
 And turn'd my midnight-darkness into day.

When I met nothing in the world but storms,
 And wild disorder, I have always felt
 Unruffled peace and happiness in thee.
 My long-experienc'd refuge thou hast been,

My never-failing guide and confidence ;
 And I depend on thee to lead me still.
 When by unerring wisdom guided, I
 Can never go astray—I must be safe
 In the fond arms of everlasting love,
 To which submissively I yield myself.
 Let me have affluence, or poverty,
 Contempt, or honour—for, whatever comes
 From thee shall be receiv'd with gratitude.
 I'll give attention to no voice but thine,
 Nor make a step but where I'm foll'wing thee.

If thou wouldst leave me for myself to choose,
 To thee I would resign the choice again.
 There's nothing I dread more than being led
 By my own blind desires—the very thoughts
 Of such a liberty I tremble at :
 Avert that fatal freedom, gracious God !
 Thou, at one view foreseeing all events,
 Dost through eternal consequences look ;
 Therefore, do thou my circumstances fix,
 Not to indulge my own wild, loose desires,
 But to advance the glory of thy name.

Thou, Lord, hast an unalienable right
 To govern and dispose of me—I'm thine
 By necessary ties, and willing bonds,
 Which now deliberately I renew,

And

And put myself entirely in thy hands,
 Whatever int'rest in this world I have,
 I sacrifice it now to thee, and leave
 To thy disposal what I hold most dear ;
 Confessing it my greatest happiness
 Passive to lie beneath thy governance.

Lord, what am I that thou regardest me ?
 That thou, who art supremely blessed, shouldst
 Concern thyself with the affairs of men,
 And deign to make our wants as much thy care
 As if our miseries could reach thy throne,
 And interrupt immortal blessedness.
 Thou of thy love wouldst make us sensible,
 By the most tender soft similitudes.
 A father's care but faintly shadows thine,
 And all we can conceive of human pity
 Falls short of thy compassion. Thou dost seem
 To take a share in our calamities,
 And in our various griefs to sympathize.
 No friend flies to our help with half the speed
 That love brings thee—nor canst thou ever want
 Methods to succour those that trust in thee.
 Thy providence finds out, or makes its way
 Through ev'ry difficulty that occurs.
 The streams shall to their fountains turn again,
 The sun shall in the firmament stand still,
 And the whole course of nature be revers'd,

Ere

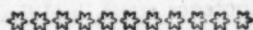
Ere thou want means to bring thy will to pass.
 No hindrance puts a stop to thy design,
 Nor can obstruct thy process—'tis thy will
 That makes both nature and necessity.
 Who can arrest thy hand, or dare to say,
 "What doest thou?" Thy counsel shall abide
 And thou wilt do as it seems good to thee.
 Is any thing too hard for thee, O Lord?
 Where'er I cast my eyes, I trace thy pow'r.
 Th' extended firmament, the sun and stars
 Tell me what thou art able to perform:
 They thy omnipotence attest, and shame
 My unbelief—The whole creation pleads
 For thee, and blames my infidelity.

Merciful God, forgive my diffidence,
 While I confess 'tis inexcusable.
 Thy hand's not shorten'd, neither are the springs
 Of bounty seal'd—Thine ancient miracles
 Have not exhausted thine almighty strength,
 Nor has perpetual beneficence
 Impov'rish'd thee—thy pow'r remains the same,
 And thy free mercy evermore endures.
 That dazzling attribute surrounds me with
 Transporting glories—Wherefo'er I turn,
 I meet the bright conviction—nor can I
 Recal a day of my past life, on which
 Some signature of goodness is not stamp'd.

Oh,

Oh, who hath tasted of thy clemency,
More largely, or more frequently, than I!

In whatsoever thou hast granted me,
Or hast deny'd me, thy beneficence
With ev'ry dispensation has been mix'd.
Thou hast not for my follies punish'd me,
Nor dealt with me according to my sins,
But hast remember'd that I am but dust,
And treated me with utmost tenderness.
Glory and praise for ever be to thee!



XXIII. REDEEMING LOVE.

ALMIGHTY love, the theme of heav'nly songs!
Infinite grace, which angels wonder at!
Forgive a mortal tongue that would attempt
To sound thy praise—And yet should man be mute,
Creatures inanimate would find a voice
To censure his insensibility.

But oh! what suited language can I find?
Or with what circumstance shall I begin?
Shall I the volumes of eternity
Roll back, and mention first the grand design
Of man's redemption, ere the birth of time,
Or ere the confines of the world were fix'd?
Of all the nations of the Lord's redeem'd
Shall I in gen'ral speak? Or, to excite

My

My heart to special gratitude, shall I
 Reflect upon myself as one of those
 Whom God foreknew would hearken to his call,
 And on the name of his dear Son believe?

Lord, what am I, or what the sons of men,
 That thou shouldst visit, and regard us thus!
 O narrow thoughts, and narrower words! no tongue
 Can tell, no heart conceive God's clemency—
 This is a height not to be reach'd by you.
 O God of love, the riches of thy grace
 Unfathomable are! With what surprise
 Do I survey them! I am swallow'd up
 In the unfearchable immensity.
 All hail, ye mysteries divine! though I
 Can ne'er express you, let my heart adore.

Yet should I silent be, both heav'n and earth,
 Nay, hell itself would cast reproach on me—
 The damn'd would charge me with ingratitude,
 Should I neglect to celebrate that grace,
 The loss of which for ever they lament,
 A loss that leaves them desp'rate, and undone.
 It is this grace which tunes the harp of heav'n,
 And yields a subject for immortal praise.
 The spirits of just men made perfect fix
 Their contemplations here—how they admire
 The glorious mystery! and, while they sing
 The wonders of redeeming love, ascribe
 Sublime and living honours unto him That

That sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb!
 And, infinitely worthy art thou, Lord,
 Their grateful adorations to receive!
 Who shall not praise and magnify thy name?
 Who shall deny the tribute justly due?

But, what can dust and ashes add to thee?
 Or, what can nothingness attempt to give?
 We praise thee from the depths of misery,
 Yet thou dost condescend to hear, and dost
 To our poor broken accents lend thine ear.
 Amidst the acclamations of the skies,
 Our wailings reach thee, and our groans ascend.
 From thine exalted height of happiness
 Thou hast a favour to poor wretched man.
 His homage thou receivest with delight—
 His praises mingle with the angels' notes,
 Nor interrupt the sacred harmony.
 Those native sons of heav'n, those morning-stars,
 Together sing in their beatitudes,
 Without disdaining to let Adam's race
 Unite their humble strains to celebrate
 The conq'ring Jesus, both their Lord, and ours.
 To him let ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry heart
 Devoted be! Let all things that have breath
 For ever praise his name—Amen! Amen!



XXIV. PLEADING FOR PARDON AND HOLINESS.

IMMORTAL spring of life, the first and last,
 Without beginning, without end of years,
 Before the elements were made thou wast,
 And shalt remain unchang'd, when they're dissolv'd.
 Thou'rt infinitely blessed in thyself—
 Thy glory can admit of no increase :
 The praises of adoring cherubims
 Can never heighten thy vast happiness,
 Nor can hell's blasphemies diminish it.
 Thou canst do ev'ry thing—no obstacle
 Thy pow'r obstructs—thou madest heav'n, and earth,
 The rivers, and the fountains of the deep.
 Thou dost according to thy sov'reign will
 Amongst the heav'nly hosts, and sons of earth.
 Thou holdest in the hollow of thine hand
 The waters of the widely-spreading sea,
 And metest out the heavens with a span.
 Thou comprehendest in a measure, Lord,
 The dust of earth, and weigh'st the hills in scales.
 Thou coverest thyself with glorious light,

As

As with a garment ; and art high entron'd
 In radiant splendour, inaccessible.
 Fearful in praises, and in holiness,
 The heavens are not clean in thy pure sight—
 Thou dost with folly even angels charge :
 What, then, is man, that drinks iniquity,
 As if 'twere water ! What is man, that thou
 Art mindful of him, and dost visit him !
 It is because thou art supremely good,
 And that thy mercy never, never fails—
 No—mercy is thy darling attribute.
 Thou art most gracious, pitiful, and kind,
 And hast display'd thy love to fallen man,
 In saving him from bondage, death, and hell,
 By the vicarious sull'rings of thy Son.
 Therefore, O Lord, with deepest reverence,
 And humblest gratitude, I now desire
 To bow before thy sacred majesty,
 Professing it my greatest privilege,
 And highest honour, to approach thy throne,
 Unworthy as I am to take thy name,
 Thy holy name in my polluted lips,
 Or even to lift up mine eyes to heav'n.
 To my own shame and condemnation, I
 Confess I have abus'd the mercy which
 I now implore, and injur'd, by my sins,
 That patient goodness, and long-suffering,
 Which I am now addressing myself to.

I've forfeited the very benefits
 I'm praying for—and have too oft despis'd
 Those privileges I am forc'd to plead.
 Scarce any motives I can use but what
 Would turn into condemning arguments,
 Shall I invoke thy mercy, by the terms,
 The gracious terms of the new covenant,
 Seal'd by the blood of thine incarnate Son?
 Alas! that covenant I have infring'd,
 And daringly profan'd its sacred seals!
 I oft have sinn'd against the clearest light,
 And the most tender instances of love.
 I have not only burst the ties by which,
 To thee, as my Creator, I was bound,
 But the still stronger bonds of saving grace,
 By which I with thy family was join'd,
 And call'd th' adopted child, and heir of God.
 But still those very circumstances, Lord,
 That aggravate my guilt, exalt thy love:
 Here will the freeness and magnificence
 Of their abounding grace display itself—
 Here thou wilt answer the endearing name
 Of father, in its tenderest extent.
 I have no sins too great to be forgiv'n,
 Through infinite benignity—for thou
 Art God, not man—and as the heav'ns are high
 Above the earth, so are thy gracious ways
 Of pity higher than the ways of men.

I dare

I dare not to thy clemency set bounds,
 Nor say, that thus far, and no farther, doth
 The weary'd patience of the Lord extend.
 Thou hast so often pardon'd, and restor'd
 Me to thy favour, that I can't despair.
 Never didst thou my penitential sighs
 Reject, nor leave unanswer'd humble pray'r :
 The heavens I have always open found,
 And the high throne of God accessible,
 Through the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ.
 Now, by his agony, and bloody sweat,
 His cross, his passion, and his painful death,
 I earnestly for pardon supplicate.
 He made a full atonement for my sins,
 And answer'd the demands of justice so,
 It cannot further satisfaction ask.
 To him give all the prophets witness, that
 Whatever sinner in his name believes,
 Shall the forgiveness of his sins receive.

O blessed Jesus, Saviour of the world,
 The hope of all the Gentiles, Israel's rock,
 The great Messiah, and Immanuel,
 Thou, in their utmost meaning, answerest
 These glorious titles—unto thee I fly
 My long-experienc'd refuge, and high tow'r.
 Hear me, thou mighty God ! thou Lamb of God,

The

The sole propitiation for my sins,
Have mercy on me—save my guilty soul!

Come, Holy Ghost, the promis'd Comforter—
With all thy sacred consolations come!
Be thou as dew unto the drooping flow'rs,
And as refreshing rain to parch'd-up ground.
Oh, come with thy reviving, cheering light!
Dispel the darkness that beclouds my soul!
Break in, like the irradiating sun,
After a gloomy, melancholy night:
One beam of thine would melt this frozen heart,
And kindle the bright spark of holy love.
Baptize me now with fire—oh, breathe upon
My cold affections! raise them to a flame!

Searcher of hearts, from whom there's nothing hid,
Whose penetrating eyes at once can pierce
The darkest cov'ring of hypocrisy,
Thou know'st the aspirations of my soul,
And art my witness that I kneel not here
For pleasures, honours, wealth, or length of days;
But that it is the kingdom of my God,
And all the righteousness thereof, I seek.
Oh, give me not my portion with the great,
But with thy children fix my humble lot!
Let me derision and reproaches bear,

With

With thy poor people, rather than enjoy
Sin's choicest pleasures, which must shortly end.

Thy favour is the sum of my desires—
The constant subject of my orisons.
O thou whose ears are open to the wants
Of all thy creatures, who dost kindly hear
The cry of the young ravens from their nests,
Wilt thou deny the breathings which thyself
Inspirest, and approvest? Let me be
Fill'd with that righteousness for which I thirst,
And with thy likeness satisfy my soul.
Whatever grace thou dost communicate,
To needy creatures, cannot lessen thine :
The most unbounded liberality
Can never make thee poorer, bounteous Lord.

I do not ask for any privilege
That to my nature is unsuitable—
To the perfections of the heav'nly host
I'm not aspiring—no—I only beg
That I may reach those heights of holiness,
And love divine, which souls invested with
A mortal frame like mine, and compass'd round
With the same human passions, have attain'd.
But oh ! in vain I strive to imitate
Those bright examples thou hast set before me ;
Without the help of thine almighty grace,

All

All my endeavours must successless prove.
 Thou know'st the weakness of my nature, Lord,
 And all the potent foes I have to fight—
 Not only the allurements of the world,
 And all the wily stratagems of hell,
 I have to wrestle with, but with an heart,
 A treach'rous evil heart of unbelief,
 On all occasions prone to start aside,
 Like a deceitful bow, from thy commands.
 Oh let my danger, and my impotence,
 Awaken thy compassion, gracious God!

Remember all thy past benignity—
 Let it engage thee to grant new supplies
 Of that redeeming grace by which alone
 I can subdue my pow'rful enemies.
 The loving kindness and good-will thou shew'st
 To any of the creatures thou hast made,
 From thine own gracious nature must proceed.
 For, who presumptuously can pretend
 To merit the least favour at thine hands?
 Nothing but thy free mercy I would urge,
 When I entreat thee not to let me perish,
 After the mighty things which thou hast done
 Already for my soul. Be not provok'd
 To leave me for my follies, after all
 The pledges thou hast giv'n me of thy love :
 But oh, remember thou thy covenant,

And

And its most gracious articles, and aft
According to thine own stupendous grace,
Which hitherto has been the glorious spring
Of ev'ry blessing I receiv'd from thee!



XXV. A TRANSPORT OF GRATITUDE FOR
SAVING MERCY.

I BLESS a thousand times the happy day
When first a beam of heav'nly light broke in
Upon my soul! when the bright Morning-star
Began to dawn, dispersing nature's night!
I welcom'd its reviving rays, and felt
Its cheering energetic influence:
The sacred flames of love divine burst forth,
And holy raptures kindled in my breast.
The earth, and all its gilded pageantry,
Vanish'd, like clouds before the morning-sun.
The scenes of paradise were open laid
To my astonish'd view! Supreme delight!
Seraphic pleasures, beyond human thought!
All hail (I cry'd) ye unexperienc'd joys!
Ye unknown raptures! when compar'd to you,
How tasteless the enjoyments that once pleas'd!

What's

What's earthly beauty ? What is harmony ?
 Or what is all that mortals charming think ?
 I never liv'd till now—Throughout the days
 Of my past folly, vanity, and sin,
 I have been in a dream—but now awake
 To heav'nly life, and taste angelic blifs.



XXVI. IMPORTUNATE REQUEST FOR THE
 RETURN OF GOD TO THE SOUL.

THOU great, and glorious, thou invisible,
 And universal Potentate on high,
 Wilt thou no nearer be approach'd by man ?
 Or, tell me, do I search for thee amifs ?
 Is there a corner of creation's round
 Unvisited by thee ? or any place
 Of thy pervading presence destitute ?
 I trace thy footsteps through both heav'n and earth,
 But still I cannot overtake thee, Lord.
 Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here ?
 Why find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where ?
 Tell me, my God, my all, oh tell me how,
 Or where I may discover thee ! for, there

Shall

Shall be the place of my abiding rest.
 What joy on earth thine absence can supply?
 Depriv'd of thee, all that the world could give
 Would be but like a jest to dying men,
 And my aversion and disdain provoke.
 It is the Lord—it is a God I seek—
 My wishes stoop not to a lower aim.
 Thou, thou hast kindled this immortal fire,
 Which nothing upon earth can e'er allay.
 Adieu, adieu to all terrestrial things!
 Let me find God, the end of my desires.
 Why dost thou hide the brightness of thy face?
 Why behind clouds dost thou conceal thyself?
 Thy voice produ'd the seas, and glitt'ring spheres,
 Bade the waves roar, and made the planets shine,
 But nothing like thyself appears through all
 The mundane system which thy fiat form'd.

O thou, who fairer art than all thy works,
 Wilt thou for ever hide thy face from one
 That loves and seeks thee, with intense desire?
 Are not my aspirations after thee
 Strong and unfeign'd? Bear witness for me, Lord.
 Does not my soul pant for thee, with a flame
 That can't be quench'd, and with sincerity
 That cannot be disguis'd? For thee I pine—
 For thee I languish, and hang down my head.

As drooping flow'rs that want their parent sun
 How do my spirits fail for want of thee !
 There's no similitude that can express
 The ardent vehemence of my desires.
 Wealth, glory, friends, and pleasure lose their names,
 Compar'd to thee—to follow thee, my God,
 I'd leave them all behind—leave the whole world,
 And bid the fields and sparkling skies adieu.
 Tho' heav'n and earth should vanish, yet while thou
 Continu'st, I cannot want support.
 My very being—my whole happiness
 Depends entirely on thy gracious smiles.

Far from the bounds of all created things,
 Remote from all existence but thine own,
 Place me, O Lord—and in that solitude
 Let me be lost—let me expatiate
 For ever there, and let me run the rounds
 Of everlasting bliss. But I, alas !
 Flatter myself in vain with painted scenes
 Of happiness that cannot be attain'd.
 I'll search, then, where perhaps thou may'st be found :
 I look to the bright regions of the skies,
 And almost envy the blest'd beings there,
 That gaze, enraptur'd, on thy face unveil'd.
 I in the flow'ry meadows seek for thee,
 And listen to thee in the murm'ring springs.
 Then, silent, and abstracted from the world,

In

In contemplation I for thee inquire.

'Tis all in vain—nor fields, nor floods, nor stars,
Reveal thee to my restless, seeking soul.

Ye happy spirits, that enjoy his smiles,
And hear his voice, direct a wanderer,
A mournful pilgrim, while I search for him
Whom my soul loves—while I complain, and sigh,
And cast mine eyes to yonder shining realms,
Fain would I penetrate the azure clouds—
Look through the separating firmament.
Oh that thou wouldst the envious clouds divide!
That thou wouldst rend the close-compacted heav'ns,
And give me of thy glory but one glimpse!
Oh that thou wouldst display thy beauteous charms
And, in the midst of those deceitful scenes
Of vanity and pleasure here below,
Afford me one short moment's interval
Of the seraphic blessedness above!
One look of mercy from thy gracious eye,
One whisper of thy voice would far exceed
A whole eternity of carnal joys.
Had I creation's circle in my gift,
With all that it contains, I'd freely part
With all, for one dear hour at thy right-hand.
If things into just balances were put,
And weigh'd aright, I'm ready to cry out,
For the first moment of celestial joy,
The whole creation would be cheaply lost.

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How gladly would I give it for such bliss !
 Adieu to human things—let me find God,
 My God, the object of my ev'ry wish !
 'Tis he whom I am seeking—he alone
 Can satisfy my infinite desires.
 Oh, why dost thou withdraw ? Oh, why thus long
 Conceal thyself ? Oh, where dost thou retire ?
 Nor earth nor heav'n reply to my loud calls.

By each endearing title let me now
 Solicit thee—My God, my father's God,
 Through the past generations thou hast been
 Our sure defence, and dwelling-place—the claim
 Successively has come from age to age.
 Thy covenant has been establish'd with us,
 And unimpeach'd thy faithfulness remains.
 Forget not, then, thy gracious covenant—
 Forget not, Lord, the many blessings which
 My pious ancestors entail'd on me—
 Forget not all their sighs, and tears, and pray'rs,
 By which for me thy mercy they engag'd.
 Forget not how, with the most solemn vows,
 They to thy service dedicated me.
 Recall thine ancient favours, and renew
 Thy former mercy to a family
 Which has been thine for many ages past.

E

By

By a propriety that's nearer still
 Let me invoke thee—and, oh, hear my cries!
 My cov'nant-God, my Father, and my Friend,
 If I, by all those kind and tender names,
 Have ever known thee, oh, forget me not!
 By those most sacred ties, I earnestly
 Entreat thee to revisit me, O God.
 If thy past favours real were—if all
 Was waking bliss, not a delusive dream,
 Restore my heav'n to my unquiet breast.
 Life of my soul, light of mine eyes, return!
 Come, and bring all thy love, thy peace, and joy!
 Yet once again, let me experience all
 Those holy transports that thy presence gives.
 Oh, let me, once again, hear thy sweet voice,
 And, once again, be blest'd with thy dear smiles!
 Oh, let thy light shine now into my soul,
 Or I shall sleep in everlasting night!

In thee, O blessed Jesus, we behold
 The face of God as reconcil'd to man:
 And wilt thou, canst thou long absent thyself?
 How welcome will thy coming be to me!
 How, like the breakings of immortal day,
 Will thine enlight'ning presence cheer my heart!
 How dearly shall I prize my happiness!
 How fearful shall I be of ev'ry thing
 That would offend thy spotless purity!

How joyful in the blest'd discovery
 And sweet possession of redeeming love!
 My bliss I'll whisper to the streams and groves—
 Our mutual passion on the bark I'll carve,
 And ev'ry wounded tree shall drop, and bear
 Some mystic mark that Jesus dy'd for *me*.
 The swains shall wonder when they read, inscrib'd
 On all the wood, that God himself came down,
 And bled, and dy'd, to win a mortal's love.

But why with these delightful scenes do I
 Thus sooth myself? I find thee absent still—
 As one unpity'd, I complain, and mourn.
 While thou art absent from me, what is life?
 Return, and with thy presence bless me, Lord.
 Thou art acquainted with my secret cares—
 Thou art the witness of my midnight sighs,
 And thou dost hear, when, at the dawn of day,
 I call for thee; but still thou answ'rest not,
 As deaf to all my importunity.
 I am, 'tis true, an undeserving wretch,
 But, sinful and polluted as I am,
 In thine immense compassion, thou hast brought me
 Into thine everlasting covenant—
 Yes—My beloved's mine, and I am his.
 He is my sun, though he withdraws his light—
 Though for a moment he has hid his face,
 I dwell engrav'd for ever on his heart,

And he shall dwell for ever upon mine.
 This sacred union nothing can dissolve—
 But for this confidence I were undone—
 But for this quick'ning, cheering beam of hope,
 In everlasting darkness I were lost.
 Why, O my soul, art thou disquieted?
 And why art thou cast down within me? Hope
 In God, for I shall yet adore his name,
 For shewing me his smiling countenance:
 I shall yet welcome his long-sought return,
 And hear his voice proclaiming peace and joy.

But why, my gracious God, this long suspense?
 Why do these intervals of night abide
 Upon me, and torment my heart so long?
 Oh, grant a bliss so easily conferr'd!
 I ask not more than what mortality
 May lawfully desire—I don't demand
 The visions of the hierarchs above,
 Nor the beatitudes of spirits there.
 I only ask what thou hast bid me seek,
 And giv'n me hopes I shall obtain, thro' grace:
 I ask that sacred mystic fellowship
 With which thou favourest thy saints below.
 Oh, let me hear those whispers of thy voice
 That give the foretaste of eternal joys!
 Those divine operations let me feel
 That kindle heav'nly ardour in their souls!

Oh, let the beams of the day-star on high
 Shine on me, and eclipse all beauty here!
 Let me enjoy on earth those smiles that are
 The bliss of angels in the highest heav'n,
 Though it be only darkly, and far off,
 Yet let me feel their quick'ning influence:
 'Twill brighten the dark passage of this life—
 'Twill guide me through its winding labyrinths—
 Make smooth its rough, and gild its gloomy paths.
 'Twill raise the dying flames of sacred love—
 'Twill waken the internal principle,
 And set it glowing throughout all my pow'rs.
 I shall forget the vanities below—
 The glories of the world will be no more.
 But while, O God, thou art not pleas'd to shine,
 I lose my sun, I languish, faint, and die.
 Yet unto thee I will lift up mine eyes—
 Yea, unto thee I will lift up my soul.
 Come, Lord, and never more from me depart!
 I find no pleasure in this darksome world,
 When thou dost veil the glories of thy face.





XXVII. BREATHING AFTER GOD, AND WEARY
OF THE WORLD.

TIS no mean beauty of this nether world
That has allur'd mine eyes, or won my heart:
I faint beneath a far more noble wound,
And my affections set on things above.
If words can reach the heights of gratitude,
And fervent love, permit me to pour out
The sacred ardour of my happy soul.
Oh, let it not offend thy Majesty,
That dust and vanity presumes to say,
I love thee, I adore thee, O my God!
Other capacities if thou hadst giv'n,
And hadst created any thing on earth,
Better adapted to my wishes, I
Might then have found a lower happiness,
And been content with something less than thee,
The infinite, eternal Deity.
But oh! the scanty universe affords
Nothing to satisfy my soul, and I

By

By mere necessity of nature forc'd—
 By divine instinct, follow after thee.
 Life, without thee, is insignificant—
 My being useless is—my reason has
 No suitable employment—nor has love
 (The noblest passion of the human soul)
 An object answering its dignity.
 I am reduc'd to poverty extreme—
 My nature's wholly ruin'd—I am lost—
 Eternally abandon'd to despair,
 If I'm depriv'd of thee: for, there can be
 No reparation for a loss like that—
 There's nothing can supply the place of God.

For thee I have renounc'd all things beside—
 Yea, all the sentiments of tenderness
 And fond complacency that e'er I feel
 For any earthly object, is but mere
 Indifference, when 'tis contrasted with
 The love that glows within my breast for thee:
 It even grows into aversion, when
 That object stands as thy competitor.
 This is the conqu'ring flame that swallows up
 The other kindling ardours of my soul.
 My ties to worldly things are all dissolv'd—
 The name of father, brother, sister, friend,
 Can charm no more—while separate from thee,
 These tender titles give me neither joy

Nor confidence—they're insignificant,
 But as thou givest them an emphasis.
 Without thee, they are nothing—and, with thee,
 What finite pleasure can increase my bliss :
 The soul can hold no more—for, God is all :
 He only equals its capacious grasp—
 He only fills up spaces infinite.

Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God—I have enough—
 My soul is satisfy'd, and fill'd with peace.
 Divide the perishing vain things of earth
 Amongst the miserable miscreants
 Who seek no other kind of happiness.
 Let them, unenvy'd, all their days, possess
 The honours, riches, pleasures of the world.
 Dispose of them with open, lavish hand—
 These things are trivial to the soul that knows
 The import of thy smiling countenance :
 When that is lifted on me, there can be
 No relish left for sublunary joys.
 Lost in the high fruition of thy love,
 What upon earth my envy could excite ?

O love divine, what bliss dost thou afford !
 No sentiments of pleasure let me have,
 But what I have for thee—My gracious God,
 Revealing his good-will for sinful me,
 In Jesus Christ, his well-beloved Son,

Is happiness beyond conception great,
Sufficient for me thro' eternity.

What if the past ideas I have had
Of all created things were wip'd away—
What if my memory retain'd no trace
Of any thing but of the joys I felt
In thy dear presence, and th' assurances
Of thy redeeming, everlasting love!
Those are the only moments I recall
With satisfaction; and, in these delights,
Let vast eternity be wholly spent.

Vanish, like shadows, ye terrestrial scenes!
Objects of sense begone, ye all are vain.
Those poor and bounded powers I resign
By which ye are enjoy'd—oh, let me be
Insensible to all your influence,
If 'twill not lead me to the God I love!
Let chaos come again, and the fair face
Of nature be an universal blank:
Let all her glowing beauties fade away,
And those bright characters she wears be raz'd,
I shall be happy still; for, nature's God,
And the original of beauty, is
My God, and will be so for evermore.

What if the sun were into darkness turn'd,
 And all the flames of the ethereal lamps
 Extinguish'd were, yet I shall dwell in light,
 And everlasting day: for, oh, my God
 Shall own me his, when time shall have an end.
 When groves no more their verdure shall renew,
 Nor fields and vallies boast their flow'ry pride—
 When all these lower melting elements
 Are in an universal ruin mix'd,
 And these material images of things
 Are no more to be found, I then shall see
 New scenes of beauty, harmony, and joy,
 Unfolding all their matchless excellence,
 For ever, in th'immortal Deity.

But, oh! how various will the prospect be!
 How boundless! how transporting! When shall I
 To phantoms and delusions bid adieu,
 And with realities eternal hold
 Familiar intercourse? When shall I drink
 At the prime fountain of essential life,
 And blessedness supreme? And then—Oh what?—
 Ask not of men; for, angels cannot tell:
 Let it suffice, that thou, my soul, shalt feel
 Thine own full joys, and hold them fast for ever.

Oh, break my fetters, for I must be gone!
 Out of the dungeon bring my weary soul.

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The whole creation is too narrow for me—
 I sicken at this long captivity,
 And for enlargement ardently I pant.
 How pleasant are the thoughts of liberty!
 My waiting soul's already on the wing,
 And practises imaginary flights.
 I seem to reach the heaven of heav'ns, where
 The King of kings in glory sits enthron'd,
 And then, enraptur'd, say, "Here will I dwell."
 But, ah! how soon the clouds of mortal sense
 O'er the delightful vision throw a veil!

Alas! what do I here in this dull waste—
 This melancholy, barren wilderness?
 Here our delights are daily vanishing,
 And here the very glimpses we enjoy
 Of future happiness are soon o'ercastr.
 Alas! what do I here, wasting that breath,
 In sighs, and endless murmurs, that was giv'n
 The infinite Creator to extol?
 Alas! what do I here, so far from home,
 And all the objects that my soul pursues,
 'Midst enemies, and strangers, in this wild,
 Inhospitable place? Oh, take me hence!
 My conversation, treasure, hopes, and joys,
 My thoughts, and noblest passions are above.
 What do I here, in sin's bewitching realm—
 Within the precincts of infernal pow'rs?

Here they spread forth their toils, and lay their snares—
 But, O my God, what part have they in me ?
 Thro' grace, I bid defiance to them all,
 And ev'ry earthly vanity renounce.
 I am the subject of another prince,
 And dare not enter into terms of peace
 With God's acknowledg'd enemies, and mine,
 Which in these treach'rous sinful regions dwell:
 The friendship of this world is enmity
 With him I serve—death and destruction are
 In its enticing smiles—I keep my guard,
 Knowing each moment I may be surpris'd.
 Oh, when shall my deliv'rance come from high ?
 When, O my soul, shall thy release from flesh
 Pass the great seal of heav'n ? What happy hour
 Shall give thy thoughts a loose, to soar and trace
 The intellectual world ? What glorious scenes
 Shall be unfolded to thy wond'ring view,
 When the partition of mortality
 Once falls, and when these tott'ring walls of clay
 Shall tumble down, and crumble into dust !
 Ye living waters, streams of endless bliss,
 With what impetuosity will ye
 Roll in upon me then, and swell, and fill
 All the capacities my nature hath !
 Then ev'ry faculty shall be supply'd,
 And ev'ry wish in full fruition end.
 When into life immortal I awake,

I with

I with thy likeness shall be satisfy'd—
 These inexpressible desires shall die
 In everlasting raptures—longing hope
 Will gain its object—present and complete
 Enjoyment shall surround me evermore.
 My God, my gracious God himself shall be
 My infinite, unutterable joy.
 The scenes of beauty, and the avenues
 That into boundless pleasures lead, shall be
 Thrown open for me—everlasting joy
 Shall be upon my head; and sorrow, there,
 And sighing shall for ever flee away.
 There shall be no more intervals of sin—
 Sin, that oppressive burden of the soul.
 'Tis here the painful deadly pressure lies—
 'Tis this that hangs a weight on all my joys:
 But, thanks be to my God that I can say,
 I most sincerely loathe the ways of sin,
 And the vile bondage of corruption hate:
 I long for the most perfect liberty
 That ever yet a child of God enjoy'd.
 I groan beneath this cumbrous load of flesh,
 This sinful body of mortality.
 Grant, then, O Lord, that I, with patience, may
 Continue in well-doing, and, at last,
 Glory and immortality obtain,
 Thro' my Redeemer's blood, and righteousness!
 Oh, sanctify me thro' thy word of truth!

Indulgent God, remember this request
Of my prevailing Advocate above!



XXVIII. A PRAYER FOR SPEEDY SANCTIFICATION.

HOLY, and great Jehovah, full of grace,
If thou shouldst bid me form a wish, and take
Whate'er in heav'n or earth I had to ask,
It should not be the kingdoms of this world,
Nor princely diadems; nor should it be
The wreaths of martyrs, or angelic thrones.
My first request is, to be pure in heart—
This is my highest aim, my grand concern.
Cure the disorders of my sin-sick soul—
Raise up thine image there, and let me be
With thine unspotted likeness satisfy'd.
Thou hast with mercy compass'd all my paths
Respecting other things, and I'm displeas'd
With nothing but the vileness of my heart,
Because 'tis so unlike thy purity,
And for thy glorious presence so unfit:

Permit

Permit me here to be importunate,
 And grant the earnest cravings of my soul.
 Let me be favour'd with a merciful
 And speedy answer—for, I'm dying while
 I'm thus addressing thee : the very breath
 With which I'm calling on thy sacred name,
 Is bearing part of my short life away.
 This tongue that's now invoking thee must be,
 Ere long, shut up in silence in the grave.
 These knees that now to pay thee homage bend—
 These hands that are for mercy lifted up,
 Must shortly mingle with congenial dust.
 These vivid eyes must soon be clos'd in death,
 Which are now looking to thy throne of grace.
 With mercy, oh, prevent the flying hours !
 The hasty moments let thy love outstrip.

Thou art unchang'd, while rolling ages pass,
 But I'm decaying with each breath I draw.
 My whole allotted season to prepare
 For heav'nly joys, is but a point, compar'd
 With thy duration, which no limits knows.
 The shortness of my present being here,
 And the importance of eternal things,
 Join to demand my utmost diligence,
 And give to my most ardent wishes wings.
 Ere I can utter the desires I feel,
 The hasty opportunity is gone—

The golden minute vanish'd—and the time
Of mercy takes its everlasting flight.

O God of ages, hear me speedily—
While yet I'm speaking, my petition grant.
My frail existence wo'n't admit delay :
Answer me, then, thou God of grace and love,
According to the shortness of my life,
And exigency of my dying state.
My bus'ness, tho' of highest consequence,
Is to the present moment limited.
Each fleeting minute is upon the wing—
No pow'r on earth can promise me the next :
Let not my pressing importunity
Offend thee, therefore, O my gracious God.
In my success, my happiness above,
My everlasting being is concern'd.
As much as the enjoyment of the Lord
Himself is worth, is lying now at stake.

Thou knowest what is necessary, Lord,
To fit me for the vision of thy face :
Thou know'st in what I am defective too.
Thou, in an instant, canst prepare my soul
To enter into thy pure dwelling-place.
I'm breathing now—but the next moment may
Be death—let not that fatal moment come,
Before I am prepar'd to meet my God.

The

The same creating pow'rful voice that said,
 " Let there be light," and light directly shone,
 In the same manner, can adorn my soul,
 And purify me from all filthiness,
 And for thy holy presence make me fit.
 God of all grace, delay not—for, my soul
 Longs to be thus adorn'd, and purify'd.
 The intervening time's a loss to me—
 And it may be a loss irrep'able.
 Why tarriest thou, my God, since thy delay
 Cannot to thee the least advantage bring?
 Thy clemency and power are as full
 This present instant, as they'll be the next,
 And time as fleeting, and my wants as great.
 Remember, my lost time's for ever lost—
 My wasted hours will never more return,
 And slighted opportunities can't be
 Recall'd—to me they are for ever gone,
 And cannot be improv'd : but thou canst change
 My sinful soul to perfect holiness,
 And, by a word, canst set me in the way
 That leads the saints to everlasting joy.
 Let not thy Holy Spirit be restrain'd,
 But bless me, O my Father, bless me now,
 According to the riches of thy grace,
 And thine amazing, unexampled love,
 Display'd in thine incarnate Son, in whom
 The fulness of the glorious Godhead dwelt.

'Tis thro' this Mediator's righteousness,
And meritorious passion, I expect
All the unbounded blessings which I ask.



XXIX. THANKSGIVING FOR EARLY AND PECULIAR FAVOURS.

LET me trace back thy mercy, O my God,
From the first dawn of life, and bless thy name,
For all the privileges of my birth—
That it was not in lands of darkness, where
No gospel-ray had ever shed its light,
Where Jesu's name had never reach'd mine ears,
Nor the glad tidings of redeeming love
In Jesus Christ had ever bless'd my soul.

But how shall I express my gratitude
For being born in this enlighten'd land—
One of the happy isles; of which, long since,
It was foretold they should thy glory see,
And trust in thy most gracious, saving name?
God has enlarg'd the islands of the sea,
And in the tents of Shem made Japhet dwell—
In the inheritance of Abraham.

I from the Gentiles my descent derive,
 Who were once strangers to the covenant,
 And aliens from Israel's commonwealth,
 But by the blood of sprinkling are brought nigh :
 Jesus, the peace-maker, hath reconcil'd
 Both to each other, and th' offended God.

With all my pow'rs I magnify thy name,
 That I have sprung from pious ancestors—
 That thou hast been their rock, and dwelling-place,
 From age to age—and hast not, from their seed,
 Thy wonted loving-kindness e'er withdrawn,
 Nor suffer'd thy fidelity to fail.

Thy mercy has extended unto me,
 The last, and least of all my father's house,
 Unworthy any office to perform
 For the most abject servant of my Lord ;
 And yet I'm brought into thy family,
 And number'd with the children of my God.
 So it seem'd good, O Father, in thy sight,
 And to free grace the glory I ascribe.

I might have been a vessel fill'd with wrath,
 A trophy to the justice I provok'd,
 And not a monument of clemency.
 Oh, how unsearchable are all thy ways !
 Oh, how gratuitous thy love to me !

Thou

Thou didst regard me in my lost estate,
 Both in original, and actual guilt—
 For, I have added to the wretched stock,
 And have not only been, to sin and death,
 A natural, but voluntary slave;
 From this abominable bondage, thou,
 My mighty Saviour, hast redeem'd my soul,
 And brought me to enjoy that liberty
 Thou hast proclaim'd to all the sons of God.
 I was a stranger, thou didst take me in—
 Naked I was, and thou hast cloth'd me with
 The spotless robe of thine own righteousness—
 Hungry I was, and thou didst give me bread—
 Thirsty, and thou didst give me living drink.

What am I, Lord, and what my father's house,
 That thou hast dealt with me thus graciously,
 In ent'ring into a sure covenant,
 Both sign'd, and seal'd—seal'd even sensibly
 By thy blest'd Spirit's witness to my soul?
 Lord, I adore the riches of thy grace,
 So irrespective of desert in me!

Ye ransom'd nations who rejoice above,
 Instruct me in your heav'nly eloquence.
 Ye spirits of just men made perfect, tell
 In what exalted strains of harmony
 The myst'ry of redemption ye extol,
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While, in full chorus, gratefully ye sing
To him that lov'd, and wash'd you in his blood,
And made you kings and priests to God Most High.



XXX. ASPIRING AFTER THE VISION OF GOD
IN HEAVEN.

“ S H E W me thy glory, I beseech thee, Lord.”

It was a frail imperfect mortal made
This bold, but pious pray'r, which I repeat
On diff'rent terms : since none can see thy face,
And live, oh, let me die t' enjoy the sight!
This is the only pray'r I have to make,
And this will I seek after, that I may
Behold the glorious beauty of the Lord,
Not as I've seen thee in thy courts below,
But in such splendour, and full majesty,
As thou, by cherubim, and seraphim,
By angels, and archangels, art beheld.

My God, forgive my importunity.
Thou hast commanded me to love thee, Lord,
With all my heart, my mind, my soul, and strength,
And, by thy Spirit, hast, within my breast,
Kindled the sacred, and aspiring flame.

From

From hence arises all my eagerness—
 From hence the ardour of my wishes spring,
 Say, can I love thee, and be satisfy'd
 At such a distance from thee to remain ?
 Say, can I love thee, and not greatly long
 To see thee in thy perfect excellence :
 Is it a crime to press towards the end
 For which I was created ? All my hopes,
 And my desires of future happiness,
 As in one centre, terminate in thee,

Does not the parch'd, and fainting trav'ler pine
 For some refreshing stream to slake his thirst ?
 Would not the weary wish to be at rest ?
 Would not the captive groan to be set free ?
 Shall, then, my thirsty, weary, captive soul
 Not seek refreshment, rest, and liberty ?
 I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here—
 This is not my abiding-place, my home :
 Yet if thou keepest me on earth to do
 The meanest office in thy family,
 I will not murmur at my longer stay,

But, O Almighty Lord, thou hast no need
 Of such poor services as I can pay.
 Thine angels spirits are—thy ministers
 Bright flames of fire—before thee thousands stand—
 Ten thousand times ten thousand wait thy will,

And

And fly to execute thy high behests.
 Oh, take my spirit from this clog of flesh;
 And I will serve thee, in thy courts above,
 With zeal as active, and as pure as theirs !

Now I can speak of thy good-will to men
 Only imperfectly—but, then, I'll join
 With the celestial choir in praising thee,
 And unto list'ning angels will rehearse
 What thou hast done for my vile, guilty soul.
 I meet a thousand interruptions here,
 That hinder me in the delightful work—
 A thousand cold and darksome intervals,
 When both my heart and tongue are out of tune—
 A thousand necessary cares that rise
 From all the mis'ries of mortality :
 But when these intervals of grief and sin
 Shall have an end, my soul shall dwell at ease,
 Rejoicing in thy presence evermore.



XXXI. A SURRENDER OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

COMMAND me what thou wilt, my God, and
 King,

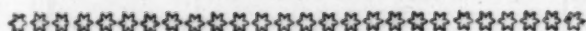
Give me but strength to execute thy will—

Howe'er

Howe'er severe, oh let us never part !
 My will, my liberty, my choice, to thee
 I totally resign, and of the world
 I stand divested, and require alone
 Thy favour as my best inheritance.
 Give or deny what else thou wilt—I leave
 The circumstances of my future time
 In thy disposal—oh, be thou my guide !
 Lord, here I am—do with me as seems good
 To thy pure wisdom—only do not say
 Thou hast towards me no propitious love.

Let me not live to bring reproach on thee—
 To crucify the Son of God afresh,
 And grieve the Spirit of redeeming grace.
 Take not thy mercy from me, O my God—
 Oh, suffer not thy faithfulness to fail !
 Thou by thy holiness hast sworn (and thou
 Wilt never lie unto thy people's seed)
 That the posterity of righteous men
 Shall still be blest'd—then, with this character
 Invest thine handmaid, O my gracious God,
 And to a worthless worm thy word fulfil.





XXXII. TRUST AND RELIANCE IN THE DIVINE PROMISES.

LET not my importunity offend,
 For 'tis the importunity of faith.
 Lord, 'tis my firm reliance on thy word
 That makes me thus persist—thy word, and oath,
 (Two sacred things, immutable, in which
 It is impossible for God to lie)
 Afford me strong consolatory hope.

'Tis this that makes me supplicate thy throne,
 And lay hold confidently on thy strength,
 Thy wisdom, goodness, pity, faithfulness—
 Those glorious, gracious attributes, for which
 The sons of men repose their stedfast trust
 Under the soft'ring shadow of thy wings.
 Thy glory 'tis to be the confidence
 Of all the world; and 'twas long since foretold
 That in thy name should all the Gentiles trust.
 Kind Guardian of the universe, to whom
 The nations pay their vows, we render thee

The

The highest homage, and exalt thy name,
By our unshaken faith in thy sure word.

Lord, I believe thou amply dost reward
All them that diligently seek thy face :
I fix my hopes upon thy promises,
And never, never will I quit my hold.
I will not let a tittle go, nor part
With the least mite from that rich treasury :
I humbly hope I have a rightful claim.
Thou art my gracious God by covenant—
The God of my religious ancestors—
My mother's, and my pious father's God.
On his death-bed, when breathing out his soul,
He gave me to thy providential care,
And put me into thy protecting arms.
He told me thou wouldst ne'er forsake me, Lord.
He triumph'd in thy long-experienc'd grace,
And, joyful, with his last expiring breath,
Bore testimony to thy faithfulness.

And now, O Lord, the gracious God, and true,
Whose word inviolable has remain'd—
Whose mercy has come down from age to age,
And whose kind love continues undecay'd,
With children's children keeping covenant,
Let me that blessing and protection find
Which my departing father begg'd for me.

Now,

Now, in the time of my extreme distress,
 Be thou a present help—and if thou wilt
 This once deliver me, then thou alone
 Shalt be my future counsellor, and hope :
 To thee I always will apply myself,
 And look on all created nature's force
 As insignificant—to thee I will
 Devote the various blessings thou shalt give—
 My time, my life, my whole of this world's good—
 Whatever share which thou shalt graciously
 Allot me here, shall, surely, be the Lord's.

Oh, hearken to the vows of my distress,
 And rescue me from this embarrassment,
 For thine own honour ; and reveal to me
 The riches of thy mercy, truth, and pow'r !
 'Twas my dependance on thy promises
 That brought me now into this exigence :
 I stagger'd not thro' unbelieving thoughts,
 But ventur'd on the credit of thy word,
 Relying on it for security—
 And can the strength of Israel e'er repent ?
 Say, canst thou break thy covenanted terms,
 And change the word that has gone forth from thee ?

O thou eternal God of Abraham,
 Of Isaac, and of Jacob, this will be
 Thy name for ever—thy memorial

To

To all succeeding ages of the world,
 Thou art the God with whom my fathers walk'd—
 The God that fed me all my life 'till now—
 The Angel that preserv'd me from all ills—
 Continue thou my guardian, and my guide,
 Let the great God of Jacob be my help—
 Let the Almighty his poor suppliant bless.
 Oh, let the blessings of my sire prevail
 Above the blessings of his ancestors,
 To the remotest bound'ries of the earth!

According to thy greatness, bless me, Lord—
 According to thy grace in Jesus Christ!
 He is the spring of all my hopes, in whom
 The promises of God are all amen—
 He is the true and faithful witness, who,
 By his vicarious death, has ratify'd
 Divine veracity, and is become
 The surety for his Father's faithfulness:
 To this the Spirit, also, witness bears.

Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Lord God Almighty, hear, and grant my pray'r,
 For the eternal honour of thy name—
 That name which saints and angels bless and love.
 Let thy perfections be made manifest
 To all the sons of men—oh, let them say,
 There is a God that judgeth in the earth!

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Let them confess thou keepest covenant
 With them that love thee—that thy righteousness
 And thy salvation last from age to age,
 Never to be abolish'd. Let them see
 That in the fear of God is confidence,
 And that his children have a hiding-place—
 A refuge from the storms of earth and hell.
 Firm as a rock, unshaken as the hills,
 Shall the soul rest that leans, O Lord, on thee.

Memorandum.

This act of faith in my redeeming God
 Was fully answer'd, and I leave behind
 My testimony that the Lord is true—
 That his great name a high, strong fortress is,
 And he knows them that put their trust in him.



XXXIII. APPLICATION TO THE DIVINE
 TRUTH.

HOWEVER intricate, and desperate
 My present state may be to human views,
 Why should I limit the Almighty God,

Or,

Or, why should he set limits to himself ?
 Sure, nature and necessity are thine,
 O Lord—thou speak'st the word, and 'tis obey'd.
 No obstacle can stand against thy will,
 Nor ineffectual render thy designs.

Is thy hand shorten'd, since the glorious time
 When thine almighty pow'r, and outstretch'd arm,
 Into existence call'd the earth and heav'n's ?
 When the skies spread their spacious canopy,
 And this terraqueous, heavy globe was fix'd
 Upon its airy pillars ? These, O Lord,
 As a moth-fretted garment shall wax old,
 And as a vesture shalt thou change them all :
 But shouldst thou fail—shouldst thou, like these,
 decay,

Where were the hopes of them that trust in thee ?
 If thy perfections were not still the same,
 Thro' all the generations of the world,
 What consolation could the race of men
 Draw from the ancient records of thy works ?
 Why are we told thou didst divide the sea,
 For thy peculiar people to pass through ?
 That thou from heaven didst rain manna down,
 And melt the flinty rock in crystal streams,
 To give thy ransom'd, chosen nation drink ?

Thou,

Thou, Lord, art he, that, in the gen'ral flood,
Didst preserve Noah in the floating ark,
'Midst gushing rains, and stormy winds; and waves.

'Twas thy protecting care led Abraham,
From his own kindred, and his native place,
And brought him safely to the promis'd land.

Jacob thou also didst accompany,
While journeying to Padan-aram—thou
Didst give him bread, and raiment to put on,
Till, much increas'd in substance, he return'd
To his own house—he wrestled with the Lord,
Till break of day—till he thy blessing gain'd.

With Joseph, thou, moreover, wentest down
Into the land of Egypt, and from all
His toils didst rescue him, till he forgot
His various hardships, and his father's house.

When groaning under the Egyptian yoke,
Thou didst remember Israel, and look
With pitying eyes on all their sufferings.
When the allotted time for their release
Elaps'd, then, on the very day, thou didst
Redeem them with an high and mighty hand—
With triumph, and stupendous miracles.
Thou, in a pillar of a cloud by day,

And

And a protecting fire by night, didst go
 Along with them—thy conqu'ring hand drove out
 Many great potent nations, and gave them
 Entire possession of the promis'd land :
 Nor didst thou fail in the least circumstance
 Of all which thou hadst said thou wouldst perform,

Oh, what a cloud of witnesses stand forth
 To bear their testimony to thy truth !
 Jephtha, and Sampson, Joshua, Gideon,
 Who, thro' strong faith, obtain'd the promises.

Thou, in the burning fiery furnace, didst
 With thy three faithful Hebrew-servants walk.
 With Daniel thou wast present, in the den
 Of rav'nous lions, to deliver him,
 Because he trusted in thy saving pow'r.

When has the pray'r of faith been e'er cast out ?
 Or, when did God his righteous seed forsake ?
 Who charges God doth charge him foolishly :
 For, what injustice has been ever found
 In the impartial Judge of all the earth ?
 His glorious titles have unblemish'd stood
 From the foundation of the world till now.
 His high perfections never can decay,
 Neither can rolling years effect a change

In

In him, who is immutably the same—
Who is without beginning, without end.

Are not his gracious words distinct and clear?
Free from imposture, and duplicity?
Are they not such as justly may secure
My strongest, most unbounded confidence?
Such as would satisfy me from the mouth
Of man, inconstant wav'ring man, whose breath
Is in his nostrils—and his seat in dust—
As waves unstable—fleeing as a shade?
And, can I, then, less readily assent
To what the changeless God of truth has sworn?
Shall I trust impotent, frail man, that wants
Both might and wisdom to fulfil his plans—
That cannot call the future time his own,
Uncertain of a day, an hour, a breath?
Can I rely upon these feeble props,
And yet despond, and tremble, when I have
Divine veracity for my support?

I know he will not break his covenant,
Nor suffer his fidelity to fail.
I dare attest it before earth and hell—
My all for time, and for eternity,
I dare to stake upon this glorious truth,
Which hell can't blemish, nor yet contradict.

Ye pow'rs of darkness, now exert yourselves—
 Bring in your evidence—your instances
 Collect—from the first ages now begin,
 Since men were taught to call upon the Lord,
 And say, when did they ever call in vain?
 When did the Holy-One of Israel fail
 The expectation of the contrite soul?
 Point out, in all your blackest characters,
 The dismal period when Jehovah's name
 Was not a refuge to his faithful seed.
 Let the infernal annals be produc'd—
 If such a dreadful day be noted there,
 Distinguish it with triumphs evermore.

In vain ye search—for, neither heav'n, nor earth,
 Nor hell have ever yet been witnesses
 To falsehood or injustice in the Lord.
 He with unsully'd glory still has shone,
 To the confusion of the hellish fiends,
 And to the joy of his believing saints.

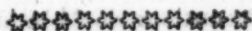
On thine eternal honour, pow'r, and truth,
 Almighty Lord, I wholly cast myself;
 And, if I am deceiv'd, I am deceiv'd—
 Angels, archangels are deluded too.
 They have, like me, no more security
 For the continuance of their blessedness
 Than what the faithfulness of God affords.

On his immutability they hang
 Their everlasting hopes—if that once fails,
 Then vanishes the heav'nly paradise,
 And all its shining glories are extinct—
 The golden palaces in ruin sink,
 And the seraphic thrones must tumble down.
 Where are your crowns, ye spirits of just men?
 Where are your palms, and your triumphant songs,
 If the veracity of God can fail?
 Even a possibility of that
 Would darken the empyreal fields of light,
 And turn the voice of melody to grief.
 What bitter lamentations would be heard
 Thro' all the regions of supernal bliss!
 What diffidence and fear would shake the heart
 Of each inhabitant! What agonies
 Would seize them all, if it were possible
 The word of God could ever cancell'd be!
 The pillars of the heav'ns might tremble then,
 And all the everlasting mountains bow—
 The whole created system would dissolve—
 That noblest structure of the hands of God
 Be chaos, and eternal emptiness:

But, O thou King of saints, for ever just
 And true are all thy ways—and blest are they
 Who in thy steadfast promises confide:
 For, thou art a sure help, in time of need—

A refuge

A refuge where distress shall find relief;
 And, underneath the shadow of thy wings,
 Will I remain—my soul shall make her boast
 In thee, the Lord; and triumph in thy grace.
 I call'd upon his name, when sore oppress'd,
 And he deliver'd me from all my fears.
 Oh, praise the Lord, my soul! Here I dismiss
 My carnal hopes, and all desires for earth—
 I give up ev'ry mortal interest,
 And make my gracious God my all in all.



XXXIV. GLORY TO GOD FOR SALVATION BY
 THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST.

BEFORE I die, due glory let me give
 To God most High, and to myself take shame.
 All my salvation wholly I ascribe
 To his free-love—his mercy undeserv'd.
 I, by the grace of God, am what I am,
 Not by the strength of intellectual pow'rs,
 Or any natural bias unto good:
 O my Redeemer, be the vict'ry thine!
 I expect life and happiness from thee,
 Not as a debt, but as a promis'd-gift.

How

How poor would all my expectations be,
 If God were to proportion his reward
 According to those works which my vain heart,
 Or friends, too partial, have accounted good;
 And which would be found only specious sins,
 If by unerring justice scrutiniz'd!
 As such, I willingly renounce them all—
 Pardon them, gracious Lord—I ask no more—
 Nor can I hope for that but thro' thy Son,
 Who for our sins has satisfaction made,
 By off'ring up himself a sacrifice.

Jesus, my Saviour, oh, what harmony
 Dwells in thy precious name! Celestial joy,
 And everlasting life are in the sound.
 Sweet name! In ev'ry syllable are found
 Ten thousand hills of myrrh, and beds of spice.
 To golden harps let angels set this name,
 And let the Lord's redeem'd still shout his praise!

What were my hopes, dear Saviour, but for thee?
 How desperate, how ruin'd were my state!
 I look upon myself, in ev'ry view
 That I can take, with horror and contempt,
 I was conceiv'd in misery and sin,
 And, in my best estate, am vanity.
 With all the highest glories I can boast,
 I am ashamed, and tremble to appear
 Before the God of spotless holiness.

F

O thou

O thou in whose great name the Gentiles trust,
 Be my sure refuge in that awful hour !
 I humbly come to thee, my only hope—
 Oh, let the blood of sprinkling—let the seal
 Of the new covenant be on me, Lord !
 From my original depravity,
 And my contracted filth, oh, cleanse my soul !
 Cover my nakedness—adorn me with
 The robe of thine imputed righteousness,
 By which alone I must stand justify'd
 Before the bar of a just, holy God.

Enter not into judgment with me, Lord—
 For, the best actions of my life can't bear
 Thy rig'rous scrutiny—some secret fault
 Has stain'd my most religious services.
 My very pray'rs to God have oft been mix'd
 With wand'rings, levity, irreverence—
 My aims to man with ostentatious pride.
 In short, those very things, which have, perhaps,
 Been held in estimation amongst men,
 Have, in the sight of God, deserv'd contempt.

When I survey the cross on which the Prince
 Of life and glory dy'd, I make my boast
 Of that alone, and count my gain my loss.
 I am determin'd to know nothing here,
 Save the Lord Jesus, and him crucify'd.

All the vain things that us'd to charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his precious blood.



XXXV. A REVIEW OF DIVINE MERCY AND
FAITHFULNESS.—April 30, 1735.

I NOW am setting to my seal, that God,
My God, is true, and to his faithfulness,
As my last testimony, I leave this.
From numerous experiences I can
Assert the sureness of his promises :
His word is try'd, and he a buckler is
To all that fully put their trust in him.
Come, ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell
What he in mercy for my soul has done !
I to my God will righteousness ascribe,
Recording it for nations yet unborn,
That future generations may rise up,
And celebrate his ever-glorious name,

Into whatever dangers, or distress,
I have been brought by his wise providence,
He always answer'd me whene'er I call'd,
Kindly deliv'ring me from all my fears.

I trusted in him, and he rescu'd me,
 Let my experience as a witness stand
 To all that in his tender mercies hope,
 And let it to his praise and glory be.

Thy num'rous favours how can I recite !
 Where to begin I'm at a loss to know.
 In thy pavilion, from the pride of man,
 And from the strife of tongues I have been hid,
 When by my follies I deserv'd reproach.
 Most graciously thou hast protected me
 From the too flatt'ring judgment of my friends,
 And from the malice of mine enemies,
 When they my reputation would have stain'd.
 Under thy wings have I repos'd my trust,
 And with thy feathers thou hast cover'd me.
 Thy truth has been my buckler and my shield,
 To thee, and not to mine own management,
 Nor to the partial thoughts of friends, I owe
 The blessing of a clear, unblemish'd name.
 Glory and honour be to thee, O Lord !

Thro' various labyrinths I have been led—
 Thy word has been a lantern to my paths :
 When midnight-shades surrounded me, my light
 Out of obscurity has then broke forth—
 Into noon-day my darkness has been turn'd.
 To me, a guide, a father, thou hast been :

When knowing none of whom to ask advice,
 Unerring counsel I obtain'd from thee.
 With me the secret of the Lord has been,
 And he has shewn to me his covenant.

How oft hast thou deliver'd me, O Lord,
 From seen and unseen dangers! Oh, how great
 Thy mercy is! how small my gratitude!
 How numberless have been thy thoughts of love!
 How infinite the instances thereof!
 How high above the ways and thoughts of man!
 How frequently hast thou supply'd my wants,
 And by thy bounty silenc'd my distrust!
 Thy benefits repeated have surpris'd,
 And justly censur'd my vile unbelief.
 My faith has waver'd, yea, has often fail'd,
 But, oh, thy goodness never, never has!
 The world; and all its flatteries have fail'd,
 And my own heart, and hopes—but mercy still
 Endures for ever, and thy faithfulness
 With the least failure cannot be impeach'd.
 The Strength of Israel never has deceiv'd
 My waiting soul, nor of my confidence
 Made me ashamed. No—thou hast never been
 As a deceitful shallow brook to me,
 Or as a spring whose waters have dry'd up.

In loving-kindness and in truth thou hast
 Afflicted me—oh, how unwillingly
 Hast thou appear'd to grieve me ! With how much
 Indulgence has the punishment been mix'd !
 Love smil'd thro' the disguise of ev'ry frown—
 Its beams have glimmer'd thro' the darkest night.
 By ev'ry stroke of thine thou hast been still
 Drawing me nearer to thy blessed self—
 Breaking my carnal props, that I might lean,
 With more assurance, on th' eternal Rock.

Thy hand has led me ever since I trod
 The maze of life, and all the steps I took
 Were mark'd, and guarded, by thy watchful love:
 Oh, whither else had I been led by sin !

Oft have I try'd and known thy clemency,
 And found an instant answer to my pray'rs.
 How oft hast thou fulfill'd thy promises,
 And giv'n fresh tokens of thy faithfulness,
 Causing me in thy goodness to rejoice !

And, after all, what base ingratitude,
 What wonderful insensibility,
 Reigns in my heart ! Oh, cancel it by blood,
 The blood of him who dy'd for the unjust !
 Root out this monstrous infidelity,
 That still returns, tho' clearest evidence

Has still attended thy veracity.
 In gracious condescension thou hast oft
 Granted my pray'rs, in my own time and way,
 And yet my doubts and fears recur again:
 Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!
 Go on to pity, succour, pardon me,
 And oh, at last, subdue my diffidence!
 Let me believe in hope against all hope,
 And, in the most perplexing states of life,
 Give glory to thy name, by crediting
 What my experience has so often found,
 That thou art not a creature to repent,
 Neither the son of man, that thou shouldst lie.

While I enjoy the pow'rs of memory,
 Oh, let thy goodness dwell upon my soul!
 Oh, let me not forget my deep distress—
 The anguish, and the importunity
 Of all my vows! When human succour fail'd
 And all was darkness and perplexity,
 My God was all my refuge and support:
 No name did I acknowledge then but his,
 And, in my trouble, he alone knew me.
 Therefore, adore, and bless the Lord, my soul,
 And oh, forget not all his benefits!
 Long as I live I'll bless his holy name—
 And, when translated to the worlds above,
 To praise him shall be all my work and joy.

I've yet ten thousand mercies to recall—
 Mercies unask'd for—and deliv'rances
 Innumerable have I to recount.
 No moment of my life has been depriv'd
 Of thy confid'rate care—no accident
 Found me unguarded by thy watchful eye,
 Or unprotected by thy providence.
 Thou often hast, by my ungrateful soul,
 Been found unsought—and thy free bounty has
 Surpris'd me with immense advantages.
 Thou often hast compell'd me to receive
 The blessings which my foolish heart despis'd,
 And which my stubborn will would have refus'd.
 Thou hast been deaf to the desires which would
 Have ruin'd and undone me, when I might
 Most justly have been left to mine own choice,
 For the correction of my many sins.
 How great my guilt! how infinite thy grace!

The Lord has help'd me hitherto, and here
 I gratefully my Ebenezer raise,
 And set up a memorial to him,
 Who has not left me to become a prey
 To the dire malice of infernal foes,
 Or to the craft or violence of men.
 When groping in thick darkness, oh, how oft
 Has he made plain my way before my face!
 With a commanding, energetic voice,

He

He said, "Let there be light," and there was light.
 Before me he has made his goodness pass,
 Loudly proclaiming his endearing name,
 The Lord Almighty, gracious, merciful,
 Plenteous in goodness, and to anger slow.
 To him be glory now, and evermore!



XXXVI. SOME DAILY EXPERIENCES OF THE
 GRACIOUS METHODS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE,
 TO ME THE LEAST AND MOST UNWORTHY
 OF ALL THE SERVANTS OF MY LORD.

FIRST WEEK.

I. **E**ACH day's experience shames my unbelief,
 And brings fresh tokens of thy faithfulness.
 To the confusion of my ghostly foes,
 Ev'ry tormenting fear thou hast dispell'd,
 Attending to the voice of my distress.
 But a few hours ago I was in doubt
 Whether thou wast a prayer-hearing God,
 And I have now an instance of thy grace,
 Which, with a grateful heart, I here record.
 Oh, may the sense of all thy benefits
 For ever be engraven on my soul!

F 5

II. Thy

II. Thy mercies, Lord, are, ev'ry morning, new—
 Again I find an instance of thy truth :
 In thee I trusted, and thou savedst me.
 Thee will I love, adore, and magnify,
 For, thou hast heard the voice of my desires,
 And, therefore, will I call upon thy name,
 As long as I have any breath to pray.

III. As for my God, his word is try'd, and sure—
 His way is perfect—he a buckler is
 To all that put their confidence in him.
 The word which I rely'd on he fulfill'd :
 Bless, therefore, O my soul, thy gracious Lord!

IV. Thy bounty follows me with ceaseless course,
 And language is too faint to speak thy praise—
 No eloquence the subject can express.
 With the reflection now my heart grows warm :
 Upward I lift mine eyes, and silently
 Breathe out th' unutterable gratitude,
 That quickens, melts, and gladdens all my soul.
 I stagger'd at thy word, thro' unbelief,
 And yet thou hast perform'd it graciously.
 Tho' God rebukes our littleness of faith,
 Yet faithful he abides who promises.

V. With the return of light, my health and peace
 Are both renew'd—the cheering influence

Of

Of the sun's rays, and the still sweeter beams
 Of God's enliv'ning, smiling countenance,
 Shine on my tabernacle : Lord, why me ?
 A ransom'd, pardon'd sinner why am I ?
 Oh, why am I rejoicing now among
 The instances of grace, and clemency ?

VI. I boasted in thee, and am not ashamed—
 Thy truth has been inviolably sure :
 All my infernal foes confounded are,
 While with success my conqu'ring faith is crown'd.
 Oh, who has tasted thy benignity,
 In greater measure, and more oft than I ?

VII. The week began, and now with mercy ends :
 To count thy favours, words and numbers fail—
 But this shall be my everlasting theme.
 When nature fails, and day and night no more
 Divide thy works, my ever-thankful soul
 Shall celebrate thy goodness, O my God.



SECOND WEEK.

I. **T**HE goings of my gracious God and King
 I, in his sanctuary, have, this day, seen :
 But oh, how transient the transporting view !

My sins turn'd back again thy cheering smiles,
And yet, the wonders of forgiving grace,
Vile as I am, I now can celebrate.

II. O thou Preserver of the sons of men,
What do I owe thee for such peaceful rest—
For nights with pain and trouble undisturb'd ?
A watchful guard thou keepest round my bed—
Thine eyes are open, while sleep closes mine—
There's not a moment slides in which I am
Unguarded by thy providential care.

III. Thanks be to God, who has thus given me
The victory thro' Jesus Christ, my Lord !
Thou didst release me from the fowler's snare—
From the malicious stratagems of hell,
And keep me from the tempting baits of sin :
Be thine the praise, O my redeeming God !

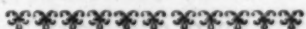
IV. Lord God of Israel, blessed is the man
That putteth all his trust in thee alone.
I left my heavy burden at thy feet,
And thou hast graciously sustain'd my soul :
My cares are scatter'd—my desires are heard.
Who is a God like unto Israel's God,
Deliv'ring all that fly to him for help ?

V. O Lord, thy strength in weakness sdisplay'd—
To thee, not unto me, be all the praise Thy

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
 And thy salvation shall be still my theme.
 Yes—my entire employment this shall be
 Thro' all eternity—'tis that alone
 Can measure my exalted gratitude.
 The Lord is my salvation, and my strength,
 The Lord shall, therefore, always be my song.

VI. By ev'ry day's experience is my faith
 Confirm'd more fully—for, I find God true.
 He has dispers'd my doubts and fears, like chaff,
 And has deliver'd me from my distress,
 Confounding Satan's most ensnaring wiles.

VII. Lord, I will love thee—thou hast heard my
 pray'r:
 I boasted of thy faithfulness and truth,
 And thou hast answer'd my most sanguine hopes.



T H I R D W E E K.

I. **M**Y last distress will be the close of life—
 Oh, then remember me, my gracious God!
 Thou who hast kindly led me hitherto,
 Forake me not at last—oh, be my strength!
 When nature fails, and when the lamp of life
 Is just expiring, let that gloomy hour
 Be gilded by thy smiles—then let thy voice
 Speak peace and consolation to my soul,

My sins turn'd back again thy cheering smiles,
And yet, the wonders of forgiving grace,
Vile as I am, I now can celebrate.

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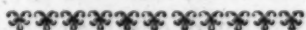
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That putteth all his trust in thee alone.
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THIRD WEEK.

I. **M**Y last distress will be the close of life—
 Oh, then remember me, my gracious God!
 Thou who hast kindly led me hitherto,
 Forsake me not at last—oh, be my strength!
 When nature fails, and when the lamp of life
 Is just expiring, let that gloomy hour
 Be gilded by thy smiles—then let thy voice
 Speak peace and consolation to my soul,

II. In six and seven troubles thou hast sav'd
Thy helpless creature, and hast always been
A hiding-place from the tempestuous wind :
Thou hast preserv'd me, and I dwelt secure.
Now to thy praise a monument I leave—
A witness 'gainst distrust, in time to come.

III. Ev'ry revolving day adds to the sum
Of thine innumerable mercies, Lord.
The rising and the setting sun can bear
Witness to thy renew'd benignity.
Thou, graciously, in danger imminent,
Wast present with me, and by thee my bones
Were kept entire : thou hast not suffer'd me
Even to dash my foot against a stone.

IV. Bless, without ceasing, O my soul, the Lord !
Let all that is within me bless his name !
Bless thou the Lord, my soul—and ne'er forget
His benefits, who thy diseases heals,
And freely pardons all thy guilty crimes !
Thou the physician of great value art,
Both for my body, and my sin-sick soul,
Who hast deliver'd me from death and hell.
O blessed Jesus, my infirmities
Thou on thyself hast taken, and hast borne
My sorrows and my sickness on the cross,
And, by thy bloody stripes, my wounds are heal'd.

V. Lord,

i. M
Before

V. Lord, with my hand I to thy truth subscribe—
I here attest it, and can contradict
Infernal malice, that would often tempt
My heart to diffidence and unbelief,
Even against the clearest evidence
And proofs of the divine veracity.

VI. O thou who never slumberest, thy care
A threat'ning danger warded off, this night :
Thine eyes were open while I sleeping lay,
Secure beneath the covert of thy wings.

VII. A fresh deliv'rance, and a greater still
Has crown'd the day. Lord, I have found thy grace
Sufficient in temptation's hottest hour.
Thy strength in weakness has been manifest—
Thine was the conquest, thine the crown shall be :
By thee I triumph'd o'er the wiles of hell—
Not unto me, but thee, be all the praise !

In the recital of thine acts of grace.
 Then in the great assembly will I praise
 My God, and will declare thy faithfulness,
 And tell to list'ning cherubims what thou
 Hast done for me—even for me, the least
 Of all my heav'nly Father's family—
 Unworthy as I am to wipe the feet
 Of the most poor, despis'd, weak child of his.

II. Lord, how innumerable are thy thoughts
 Of love to me ! If I should count them up,
 More than the sands upon the shore they are.
 Thou hast again reprov'd mine unbelief,
 And giv'n a new conviction that my whole
 Dependance must be plac'd on thee alone—
 That second causes nothing are, and have
 No pow'r but that which they derive from thee ;
 All nature is obedient to thy will.

III. O my redeeming God, I am again
 Ready to doubt thy long-try'd faithfulness.
 How deep within my heart this cursed weed
 Of infidelity has fix'd its root !
 O Lord, eradicate it by thy pow'r.

IV. Again I must begin t' enumerate
 Thy mercies, which will never have an end ;
 For, to a poor, ungrateful sinner, thou
 Renew'st the tokens of thy clemency :

The

The promise I rely'd on was fulfill'd.
 Thou my request hast heard, and made my way
 So plain before me, that I stumbled not.

V. An unexpected favour I, this day,
 From God and man receiv'd—of the success
 I doubted much; but thou mine unbelief
 Hast rebuk'd gently, forcing me to own
 That ev'ry thing is possible with thee,
 And that the hearts of all the sons of men
 Are in thy hand, to turn them as thou wilt.

VI. Lord, in the glory of thine attributes
 I do rejoice, however they're display'd,
 Whether in fav'ring, or afflicting me.
 If but thine honour be advanc'd, O Lord,
 Whether in mercy or in judgment, I
 Must still assert the justice of thy ways,
 And to my Maker righteousness ascribe.
 Yet, let me plead with thee, my gracious God :
 Since mercy is thy darling attribute,
 Now let thine handmaid in thy sight find grace.
 Oh, deal not with me in severity,
 But in compassion ! for, if thou shouldst mark
 What's done amiss, who can before thee stand ?

VII. Thou healest my diseases graciously,
 And length'nest out my span of life—thou art
 The

The guardian of my sleeping, waking hours.
Glory to thee, my God, who slumb'rest not!



F I F T H W E E K.

I. **T**HOU know'st my secret grief—where lies
my pain,
And what my doubts and difficulties are.
According to thy wonted clemency,
Turn thou, O Lord, my darknes into day.
Oh, leave me not to any fatal snare,
In matters of eternal consequence!
This is the time to know, and to obey:
No error can be in the grave redress'd—
As the tree falls it must for ever lie.

II. Thy goodness still pursues me, O my God,
With an 'unweary'd course—new instances
Of thine unchangeable veracity
Reproach mine unbelief. With doubting heart,
I sent up my petitions, yet thou hast
Deign'd to encourage my weak, stagg'ring faith,
Which has not only waver'd, but oft' fail'd,

The'

Tho' I have had the brightest evidence
Of thine omnipotence, thy truth, and love.

III. O King of fairs, thou kindly doft resolve
To leave mine unbelief without excuse
By thy benignity fo oft' renew'd—
By fresh convictions of thy faithfulness.
Oh, let not my demerit turn afide
Thy clemency from its accuftom'd courfe !

IV. How many unrecorded mercies, Lord,
Have, with my fleeting moments, pafs'd along,
In thoughtlefs f Silence, and forgetfulnefs !
How prone is my infenfate, harden'd heart
Wholly to bury in oblivion's grave
Thy benefits ! or (O amazing guilt !)
To recompence them with ingratitude !

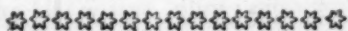
V. Never, O Lord, let my falfe heart relapse
Into diftruff and unbelief again.
My folly thou haft tenderly rebuk'd,
And put a fong of praife into my mouth.
Let thofe fuggeltions vanifh, that would once
Object againft thine oft-experienc'd truth.
In this I would ftill triumph, and infult
All the malignity of hellifh pow'rs.
A time will come, when thou wilt, in thy fairs,
Be glorify'd, and when thy faithfulness

In

In full meridian splendour shall appear—
 When the fair beauty of thine attributes
 Shall be conspicuous, and shine forth clear
 From ev'ry blemish either men or fiends
 Have charg'd on thy most righteous providence.

VI. Oh, let me still assert that all thy ways
 O God, are perfect equity and truth!
 I of thy goodness a fresh instance have,
 Yet my ungrateful heart is, even now,
 Ready to disbelieve—increase my faith,
 And silence my distrust. Thy favours, which
 Have been so oft repeated, plainly shew
 That thou art upright: Lord, thou art my rock,
 And there is no unrighteousness in thee.

VII. Angels of light, instruct me how I may
 Express my gratitude. O thou who canst
 Explain the secret meaning of my soul,
 Accept the praise that human words can't paint—
 Accept these faint attempts to laud thy name!



SIXTH WEEK.

I. **O** LORD, most holy, let me go on still
 To witness for thy faithfulness and truth.
 Oh, let it be engraven on the rock,

And

And on my soul for ever be impress'd,
That it may there remain indelible!
What craft of hell is it that so oft tempts
My fluctuating heart to unbelief,
And joins my natural depravity,
To call in question thine unspotted truth ?

II. The wonderful escape I had, this day,
Oh, may I ne'er forget ! Thy gentle hand
Upheld me as I fell, and underneath
The everlasting arms were kindly spread.
Thou hast kept all my bones—not one of them
Is broken—no—thy mercy succour'd me,
Tho' it foresaw the base ingratitude,
And hardness of my too-insensate heart.
How is thy goodness heighten'd by my guilt !
How wond'rous is thy patience, and thy grace,
That only tenderly rebuk'd me, when
Thou might'st have taken vengeance of my sins !

III. I must again begin to celebrate
The riches of thy condescending love.
Thou hast assuag'd my sickness, and my pain—
Scatter'd my fears, and lengthen'd out my days :
To thee devoted be my future life !
For some uncommon service, let it be
That I am now restor'd to health again.

IV. I find

IV. I find thy mercies with my fleeting days
 Renew'd—and to rehearse them all shall be
 My glad employment now, and evermore.
 I, with my little temporal concerns
 Have trusted thee, my God, and thou hast deign'd
 To crown them with success. Lord, what is man,
 That thou thus graciously regardest him!
 Even my daily sins can't put a check
 To the free course of thy beneficence;
 It still keeps on its conqu'ring way against
 The opposition of ingratitude,
 And unbelief. And hast thou not, O Lord,
 Promis'd it shall run parallel with life,
 And measure out my being's full extent?

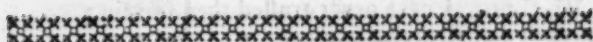
V. Jesus, my never failing trust, I call'd
 Upon thy name, and thou hast hear'd my pray'rs,
 And fully answer'd my most sanguine hopes.
 Oh, let thy praises dwell upon my tongue!
 Oh, let me breathe thy precious, precious name,
 With the last spark of my expiring life!
 Thou hast dispell'd my ev'ry fear, and been
 Beyond all expectation merciful.
 My faint addresses to the throne of grace
 Were not cast out by him who sits thereon.
 But oh, how slow are my returns of praise!
 How cold, how backward my acknowledgments!

VI. Lord,

VI. Lord, I have never trusted thee in vain:
 Increase my faith—confirm it, O my God,
 By the continuance of thy boundless grace.
 Oh, add this favour to the rest! for, faith
 Is thine own gift, and cannot be attain'd
 By nature's efforts, or by reason's pow'rs.
 I'm waiting now for the accomplishment—
 Oh, shew me all thy mercy and thy truth!
 For ever put to silence my distrust,
 And the suggestions of infernal fiends.

VII. How rooted is this cursed principle
 Of unbelief, that can distrust thee still,
 After so many instances of love!
 When will it be before my wav'ring soul
 In thy salvation shall confide unmov'd?
 Pity my weakness, Lord; and to my faith
 New vigour give—let me take up my rest
 In thee, from this time forth for evermore.





A S A C R E D
P I N D A R I C O D E
O N
N E W - Y E A R ' s - D A Y .
By J — F — r.

I.

A N E W - Y e a r ' s - D a y !
An awful preacher of eternity !
That cries aloud, another year is gone—
Time flies away,
And judgment hastens on !
Exhausted nature shall expire—
This world shall be consum'd with fire ;
And all the kindreds of the earth shall see
The righteous judge, and mourn,
In that tremendous hour,
At his appearing, girt with pow'r,
Whose wounds they trampled on with scorn,
Who to themselves afresh they crucify'd,
Counting his blood unholy, in their pride.

II. An-

II.

Another year is past ! for ever past !
Another year ! perhaps it is your last !

O mortals, how has it been spent ?

Have ye abus'd the moments God has lent ?

Has the year glided unimprov'd away ?

Have vanities consum'd the day,

The blessed day of gospel-grace ?

Then mourn ! the night comes on apace,

A dreadful night, when ye can work no more—

When pray'rs are vain—when mercy, scorn'd before,

Shall take her everlasting flight—

Justice shall draw her sword divinely bright,

And vengeance sheathe it in the blood

Of all the enemies to God.

'Tis in this life alone that Christ will save—

No mercy's to be found beyond the grave !

III.

How many, when this year begun,

(Who never liv'd to see its circle run)

Were warm in life, and whilst prosperity

Shone on their heads, and wealth, in golden streams,

Flow'd in, deceiv'd their souls with idle dreams,

And flatt'ring hopes long life to see !

All thoughts of death they banish'd from their mind—

All thoughts of God they cast behind :

Forgetful of th' Almighty's rod,

In pleasure's flow'ry paths they trod,

Count-

Counting their years of happiness to come !
 Fatal mistake ! uncertain happiness !
 Death came, with all his terrors in his train,
 And, in the midst of all their fancy'd bliss,
 Convinc'd them that they must no longer reign,
 But leave their wealth and pleasures for a tomb—
 Be bury'd in the dust from human view,
 And bid the world and vanity adieu.

Had they conceiv'd their death so nigh,
 They might have been prepar'd to die :
 But, thinking they were distant from the grave,
 A loose unto their lusts they gave—
 Put off repentance to a future day—
 Alas ! a day that never came !
 Death snatch'd them suddenly away,
 And hell awakes them from the fatal dream.

IV.

We, who have liv'd to see this dawning year,
 Amazing monuments of grace appear !
 No merit in ourselves we have—
 Jesus preserves us from the grave :
 Enthron'd at the right hand of God,
 Our great High-Priest for sinners pleads,
 Points to his wounds, and all-atoning blood,
 And with Jehovah intercedes.
 Well-pleas'd with his beloved Son,
 The Father smiles, and lays his light'nings down ;
 And

And that we may escape eternal woes,

As yet, a space for penitence allows :

How short that space may be
Is only open to the Deity.

The day of grace may soon be past,
And ev'ry breath we draw may be our last.
Who knows that life a moment shall endure ?

Past time's irrevocably gone—

The future who can call his own ?

The present hour to God improve,
And make your calling and election sure,
That ye may be receiv'd to joys above.

V.

What is the life of man ?

A shadow, that shall disappear—

A vapour, soon dispers'd in air—

Uncertainty its date—in length a span.

Man's as the tender flow'r,

That blooms and fades within the hour :

Born for the grave, he must resign his breath,
To slumber in the cold embrace of death ;
Then, surely, none but madmen would delay
Eternal matters to a future day.

Ye fools, who your own souls deceive,

With dang'rous hopes long time to live,

Know that the young and old alike must die—
No time's exempted from mortality :

Reflect

Reflect, and tremble—what must be your state,
 Should God, this night, your souls require?
 Alas! ye would repent too late,
 Doom'd to the horrors of eternal fire.
 And ye, who squander years away,
 And chide, as slow, the fleeting day,
 Taught by experience in the school of woe,
 Panting for breath, your sad mistake shall know.
 I see, approaching on the wings of time,
 The awful moment when ye'll mourn your crime,
 And freely would bestow (if in your pow'r)
 A worthless world to buy one precious hour.

VI.

Look not for preachers from the dead to rise—
 The tolling bell reminds us of the tomb,
 And ev'ry fun'ral sets before our eyes
 The certainty of our approaching doom:
 Then, since we've no abiding city here,
 And we may never live to see
 Another New-Year's-Day, let us prepare
 For dissolution and eternity—
 Our hearts to wisdom seriously apply,
 Number our days, and daily learn to die.
 Let us amend our lives without delay,
 Our future years religiously employ,
 And Jesu's blood shall wash our guilt away,
 And purchase for our souls eternal joy.

VII. Yet

VII.

Yet a few seasons more, the sun
His annual course shall thro' the zodiac run.

Yet a few more revolving years
Shall pass, before the end appears.

Soon as the mystery of sin

Is finish'd, and the saints are gather'd in,
An angel on the earth and sea shall stand,

And shall to heav'n stretch forth his hand,

And by his name who lives for ever swear

(Who rules, by his almighty pow'r,

Heav'n, earth, and sea, and all that therein are)

That time shall be no more :

Then shall the sun be darken'd, and to blood

The moon shall change—the stars their orbs forsake—

And at th' approach of our avenging God,

The hills shall smoke, th' astonish'd earth shall quake.

With a great noise the heav'ns shall pass away—

The elements dissolve—the worlds decay.

Awake, ye dead, th' arch-angel's trump shall sound—

The grave shall hear, and pour her millions round :

Awake, ye dead, shall thunder from the skies,

And those who sleep in Christ shall joyful rise—

Death, the last enemy, himself shall die,

The grave be swallow'd up in victory.

Then, sitting in the clouds shall Christ appear,

And ev'ry nation stand before his bar—

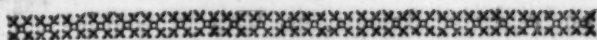
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In dreadful pomp the Judge shall come,
Sentence upon the world to pass;
Trembling shall sinners hear their doom,
Accurs'd from God, condemn'd to dwell
A sad eternity in hell :

But saints, redeem'd by Jesu's grace,
By angels borne to realms of happiness,
With gratitude their precious Christ shall bless,
And heav'nly hallelujahs sing,
For ever, to their Saviour, and their King.
May we so live our future years,
That when that awful morn appears,
We may have cause our Jesus to adore,
And reign with him in heav'n, when time shall be
no more !

F I N I S.

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]



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